THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

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THE FALL OF THE ROOF-TREES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I remember the dear little cabin
That stood by the weather-brown mill—
And the beautiful tides of the sunshine
That flowed over woodland and hill—
And, far down the winding, green valleys,
And over the meadows smooth shorn,
How the sweet dews lay flashing and gleaming
On the pale rosy robes of the morn!

How the blush-roses shone on the upland,
Like a red cloud of sunset star;
And the pond-lily burned in the marshes
With the steadfast white flame of a star.
How the brook chimed a rhythmical chorus
With the birds that sung high in the trees,
And how the bright banners of sunset
Streamed red in the van of the breeze!

I remember the mossy-rimmed springlet
That gushed in the shade of the oaks,
And how the white buds of the mistletoe
Fell down with the woodman's strokes,
That dark morning when cruel Earl Spencer
Came down with his hunter-train,
To uproot the old kings of the greenwood,
That shadowed his golden grain.

For he dwelt in a lordly castle
That towered half-way up the hill,
And we in a poor little cabin,
In the shade of a weather-brown mill;
Therefore the *noble* Earl Spencer
Dared come with his knightly train,
And discrown our glorious roof-trees
That shadowed his fields of grain!

Oh, many the beautiful summers
We under their branches had played!
And out from their dim forest glory
A worn path our young feet had made
To the sunshiny spot on the hill-side,
Where two of us stayed with the flowers—
(Though the eyes of the yellow-haired sleepers
Were blind to the smiling of ours!)

Wofully wept our mother
When the boughs of our roof-trees were shed,
And a curse from the strong heart of father
Was breathed on the rich man's head—
For, oh, the dear old oaks' shadows
That came through the open door,
Had followed the feet of the children
For years on the smooth white floor!

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

TWICE AVENGED.

PART I.

"Not this waltz, nor the next, Eleanor!" exclaimed Paul Fletcher, in a tone of slight reproach. "Have you not one more dance to spare me this evening?"

"*Two*, by-and-by, dear Paul," was the answer; "but I am engaged to Lord Holmdale for the next, and you know he is a stranger here, and papa is anxious I should be civil to him, and as far as possible make him enjoy the ball. So I can't help myself—and you won't be angry, I know."

Angry? Paul Fletcher angry with *her!*

He stood leaning in the doorway, watching her as she floated with that swan-movement so peculiar to her towards the upper end of the brilliantly lighted ball-room, never once letting his eyes wander from her over the gay groups among whom she passed; following her with those loving eyes as he ever did with his loving heart.

She stood for a few moments beside her father, a gray-haired man, master of the house, and then the music recommenced, her partner claimed her, and with a momentary pang Paul saw them whirling round the room. Only a momentary pang, however, for he liked to see her enjoying herself; he had such perfect confidence in her, knowing that she was so entirely his own, his betrothed, that it never occurred to him to be jealous.

As they paused in the dance, Eleanor and her partner stood within a few yards of him, and at that moment she looked even unusually lovely. The exercise had tinged her cheek, ordinarily of a transparent paleness, with rose-bloom; her dark gray eyes, and high but delicate marked features, her sunny braids of hair, seemed more perfect than ever; while the exquisite *pose* of her head and neck, and her tall but gracefully rounded figure, in its white flowing dress, stood out against the dark oak panelling of the wall like some cameo from its setting. Her companion, Lord Holmdale (the new member for ———shire, and heir to the earldom of St. Arvon), was a high-bred looking man of about thirty, spoiling the picture by his want of contrast; for he, too, had a pallid countenance and finely marked features, with almost colorless eyes, though they came under the denomination of blue; eyes with no depths in their orbits, and yet shedding a steady intellectual light. His stature was not below the average, but Eleanor's made it appear so.

And now again they glide past, and are lost among the throng of dancers, but not before a bright smile from the girl has made Paul Fletcher's heart beat quicker as she passes. Her smile is so very lovely, and casts such radiance over the face, in general cold and calm almost to a fault.

The night advances, and at length Paul obtains the boon he has craved—the *one* dance more. But now Eleanor is tired with the arduous part she has that night performed, the transient flush has faded away, and too dispirited for conversation, she hangs languidly on her lover's arm. Happiness sufficient this for him, though he insists that she shall not weary herself further with dancing merely to gratify him. Tenderly as a mother for a child he cares for her, anxiously watching till the guests shall disperse and leave her to rest. Eleanor Vaughan is only nineteen, but for years she has been mistress of Vaughan and despotic ruler of her father, and of every member of the household besides, individually and collectively. People wondered that Mr. Vaughan allowed his daughter's engagement to Captain Fletcher, who, though doubtless very charming, they said, and of very good family to boot, still every one knew had nothing to live upon but his pay. But when Eleanor had quietly announced to her father that she had promised to marry Paul Fletcher, Mr. Vaughan acquiesced at once, as he always did to anything that she wished. He might have looked higher for her, he said, but he had a great opinion of Captain Fletcher, and if Eleanor liked him—why, she was heiress of Vaughan, and there was plenty for them both to live upon.

"Eleanor, will you take a walk to the Copsewood with me this morning?" asked Fletcher, the day after the ball. "This is such a bright day that it will do you good after your exertions last night; and it's our favorite walk, isn't it?"

"Such a charming morning for it, Paul, and I may as well finish that sketch. But oh! I forgot—I have promised to go through the gardens with Lord Holmdale, and as I'm rather on ceremony with him, I shall have to give up the Copsewood—and Paul."

"But you can go through the gardens in the afternoon, Eleanor; and I shan't be here much longer, you know, to torment you," he said, in a tone of laughing reproach.

"Paul!"—she laid her hand on his arm, chidingly—"but in the afternoon papa says we must all ride to Crawland, as Lord Holmdale wants to call there: the Moores exerted themselves so much about this election. You think he might go by himself?"—for Fletcher's countenance intimated that he did not quite see the necessity of Miss Vaughan and himself returning thanks for the said exertions also.—"It would be scarcely civil to let him, and papa wishes us to go. Besides, I want to talk to Milly Moore about her wedding."

"I wish you would speak a little seriously about your own, Eleanor," Paul said, taking her hand. "Whenever I have alluded to it lately, you have put me off with the election occupying you too much at present to think seriously of anything, or this ball, or some equally trifling matter; but now you will have nothing to distract your thoughts you will give a few of them to me? You promised—".

"*I promised*, Paul," Miss Vaughan said, a little haughtily, "and that ought to be enough."

"*It is* more than I *deserve*," Paul hastened penitently to say, "and indeed I do trust your word, Eleanor, more than anything on earth. I would mistrust myself rather than you; but be a little indulgent to me."

A smile flitted over Miss Vaughan's fair features, and she said, more softly,

"Indeed, Paul, I will think seriously of it, and give you a more definite answer soon; only wait till Lord Holmdale is gone, and we are quiet again."

Paul breathed an inward aspiration that propitious fates would, therefore, speed his lordship's departure, but he said no more to Eleanor. Her last speech had already granted much, and it was he, Paul, who was impatient and exacting, and not Eleanor who was to blame. She always had some good and unselfish motive in all she did; he would not tease her any more for a long time. You must know, reader, that Eleanor Vaughan was Paul's first love, and that his love and reverence for her amounted almost to adoration.

And to put his good resolutions into practice, he even tried not to *look* disappointed when that afternoon, on their ride to Crawland, Miss Vaughan was under the necessity of doing the honors of the road to the new member, and leaving Paul to ride beside her father, whereas he longed to be at his accustomed place by her bridle-rein. He was sure Mr. Vaughan must have a great many political questions to discuss with Lord Holmdale. However, there would be the ride home.

But after their visit to Crawland was over, and their horses' heads turned homewards, it somehow happened that they all rode abreast, and Paul hardly interchanged a word with his betrothed, Lord Holmdale directing the greater part of his conversation to her. In the evening there was a dinner-party, and of course Lord Holmdale sat next her; and, Paul, who was at the other side of the table, between a portly dowager and a deaf old gentleman, made, we fear, sad blunders in the conversation; for, do what he would, he could not help looking towards where Eleanor sat, and wishing he were near her. Two or three times she also looked towards him and smiled, and then he thought she wished it too. Paul did not think he much liked Lord Holmdale, but his conversation was clever, and seemed amusing at present, and at any rate it would be much pleasanter up there than between these male and female fogies. At last, after they were all gone at night, Eleanor was able to spare him a few words, and to thank him for having exerted himself so much at dinner, (!) when she was sure old Mr. Dozeley and Lady Clucker must have bored him dreadfully.

"What a pleasant change it will be to be quietly by ourselves again, Paul, won't it?" she added.

"Thank you for expressing my thoughts of this whole day, Eleanor!" Paul answered, his grateful heart speaking in his face. For this speech was a great deal from Eleanor, and he, trusting her so entirely, felt it meant far more than the mere words expressed. "But shall we soon be alone again? for you know my leave is very short."

"Soon, I hope, dear Paul; but I know you will be patient and good, as you always are."

And after that what more was there to be said? But when, the next day, and the day after, Lord Holmdale still remained, without any apparent reason for prolonging his stay—when Paul found that Eleanor's time was still very unequally divided between him and her stranger guest, and that Lord Holmdale's attentions to her became unmistakably marked, even his patience and forbearance gave way.

"Is this always to go on, Eleanor?" he asked, when on the third morning since the ball she had excused herself from fulfilling some request of his, and immediately after complied with one from Lord Holmdale.

"What?" said Miss Vaughan, innocently.

"This preference given to Lord Holmdale in everything," Paul blurted out, turning red as he spoke. "Indeed, I have tried all this time to bear it, but I can't any longer."

"Jealous, Paul?" Miss Vaughan said, laughing carelessly. "How silly of you! though it's rather pleasant to see you *can* be so sometimes."

"No, no, Eleanor," Paul went on, hurriedly, "I'm not jealous; I wouldn't be so unworthy of you as to be jealous, but—but—I'm only mortal after all, and—and that fellow Holmdale, does he know of our position with regard to one another, Eleanor? If he knows you are my affianced wife, how does he dare—"

"I suppose he knows it," Miss Vaughan said, very quietly, though her cheek flushed a little; "everybody knows it, and if you mean 'how does he dare' speak to me as much as he does, I suppose also he considers that as your *affianced* wife I am as safe as if I were your real one, and that there can be little danger for any one who loves Paul Fletcher from the society of even a Lord Holmdale."

She said it very gracefully, putting her head a little to one side as she spoke, and smiling one of her own rare, beautiful smiles, at poor Paul as she held out her hand. Paul clasped it between both his own, half blaming himself again for precipitancy, and wholly glad that it had called forth so much expression of feeling from this cold, proud Eleanor.

"But is he soon going away?" Paul began again, after a *few* moments' pause, "for my leave expires in three days, and I have hardly seen you at all, and I can't be back again till Christmas."

"Poor, dear Paul!" the girl answered, as if she were soothing a child, "it has been very hard upon us both; but I think he goes to-morrow."

And to-morrow, fortunately for Paul, he did go, and the two days that followed were, perhaps, all the happier to him from his previous disappointment. Eleanor was charming, gentler than usual, and doing all she could to make up to him for his temporary vexation; and when Paul Fletcher's turn came to say good-by, he felt that never had he loved her as he now did—never had his life's happiness seemed more bound up in her.

Paul's regiment was quartered in Ireland, and there he spent the autumn as best he could, hearing frequently from his betrothed, who once or twice mentioned Lord Holmdale's having been with them. Only a day or two at a time, it seemed, and so openly did Eleanor speak of him, that Paul's jealous fears did not reawaken. His *anxiety*, however, was often excited, for at the beginning of the winter a long interval without letters made him think that Eleanor must be ill; but just as, in a distracted frame of mind, he was going to write to Mr. Vaughan, a long letter arrived explaining her silence. They had had the house so full of people—all her cousins the Lesters, and Caroline Ellis, and Lord Holmdale; and they had had charades (she wished so much he had been there!) and then Milly Moore's marriage to Captain Heathcote had taken place, &c., &c. That was the reason her time had been so much taken up as to prevent her writing to him! and he should scold her when he came at Christmas, which would be very soon now. It was still three weeks to Christmas, but Paul did not hear again from her in the meantime. However, owing to a brother-officer's illness, he was very busy in the interim, and soon the time had hurried away, and he found himself once more at dear old Vaughan. Eleanor received him most cordially—in fact, with more *empressement* than usual; but after the first excitement of happiness had subsided, Paul remarked wonderingly that her whole manner had undergone some change. Only so close an observer as he could remark it; to others, Miss Vaughan appeared as cold and calm as usual. But when Paul's eyes rested lovingly on her, a slight flush would pass over her face; if they sought hers, her eyelids dropped beneath the look, and a perceptible restlessness of manner when Paul was alone with her, told him that some change had passed over her since they last met. It was not always so, and often he accused himself of being fanciful; but fight against it as he would, an undefined fear rose up in his heart. And yet he could not tell her of this feeling, for there was no thorough confidence between them; even in their most unreserved intercourse, and when Paul felt that she really loved him, and had told her all that lay in his heart, Eleanor's had still remained in her own keeping—fast locked. Now, if he had spoken, she would have chidden him for want of trust, laughed at his foolish susceptibility. As it was, whenever he ventured to allude to the subject of their marriage, a chilling reserve crept over Miss Vaughan's manner, or again flushing (she never *blushed*,) she would give the conversation an immediate turn. Paul Fletcher was not happy.

One morning they sat together in the library, which Mr. Vaughan had just quitted. "I know you and Paul like to have the morning to yourselves, my dear," the placid old man had said, patting Eleanor on the shoulder, as he left the room. But if this were the case it seemed difficult to tell why, for Paul sat in a window-recess reading, and Eleanor was busily employed at the table writing indefatigably, the scratch of her pen accompanied by the monotonous ticking of the clock. It was the day after Christmas, and as Paul now and then looked through the window-panes the prospect without was not enlivening. A dull leaden sky spread overhead, not a leafless twig dared to stir in the stillness, and even the robins crept quietly in under thick fir branches, scarcely chirping a remonstrance against the snow that was coming. Paul let his book drop, got up, yawned, and sat down again. Still Eleanor's pen scratched unceasingly.

"Pity the sorrows of an idle man, Eleanor," Paul at length said, laughing. "I can't read any more; the book is dull, and the sky is dull, and *I* am dull. I want my sunshine."

"One moment, Paul, dear! I have just done." And the pen squeaked along another line.

"What a nice long letter to get, Eleanor!" Paul went on. "Who are you writing to?" And, without thinking much of what he was saying, Paul turned from the window, and coming to the table knelt down by Eleanor's side and put his arm around her.

"Caroline Ellis," Eleanor answered, folding up the letter and addressing it. "I had such a funny letter from Mrs. Heathcote the other day, with two or three messages for you. I can't quite remember what they were, but if you care to read it, it is in the pocket of my writing-book." And she pushed it towards him.

"I don't want to read it; I want to talk to you," Paul grumbled.

"But *I* want you to read it," Eleanor persisted, laughingly, "so look for it directly."

Paul could of course only obey, and pulled a letter out of the blotting-book.

"No, that isn't it," Eleanor said—"that's only a circular."

"Then this *must* be it," Paul continued, "for it's the only other letter there. But this is your own handwriting, Eleanor." And as he spoke Paul drew forth a letter, sealed and stamped for posting, and carelessly glanced at the address. A crimson flush mounted to his temples. "I did not know Lord Holmdale was a correspondent of yours," he said, dropping [illegible]

Eleanor involuntarily stretched forth her hand to cover it.

"I wrote to him on a matter of business," she returned, hastily.

Something in her tone struck Paul Fletcher, and he as suddenly looked up. Calm as she strove to appear, it yet was evident that this simple discovery was in reality a more than ordinary agitating one to Miss Vaughan. Her cheek and lips were colorless, and the hand which held the letter shook visibly. Fletcher fixed his eyes on hers with a long scrutinizing gaze, as if he were trying through those portals to plunge deep into her heart. For a few moments Eleanor's eyes met his, then shrank furtively and fell. Paul leaped to his feet from the kneeling posture he still maintained beside her.

"Eleanor!" he cried out, "what does it mean? There is more in this, and I *will* know it. Have you written to Lord Holmdale before?"

She assented; Paul's violence for the moment frightened her.

"Has he written to you more than once?"

Again she bent her head. But now her courage returned, her proud spirit came to her aid in her time of need. She, too, rose from her seat and stood before him, trembling still, but now undaunted.

"Lord Holmdale and I have interchanged letters," she said, "on a subject that interested us both. What that subject was no one has a right to inquire, neither do I recognize the right of any one to regulate with whom I shall or shall not correspond. I am not yet responsible to any human being for my actions."

"Pardon me," Paul said, in a low voice of suppressed anger. "In this instance you are undoubtedly responsible to me. As my betrothed wife, I have a right to ask of you an explanation of this sudden intimacy with one who, the last time I stayed in this house, perpetually stood between us, and whom, in order to please you, I then yielded to. One word from you, Eleanor, is sufficient explanation. You will not refuse it?"

"I will and do," Miss Vaughan answered, haughtily, but quite calmly, as she threw her fair head slightly back. "I say again, that I do not recognize your right to call my conduct in question every time your boasted 'confidence' in me yields to the slightest trial. I prefer myself regulating the degrees of intimacy I shall accord to my own and my father's friends; and therefore, if it is my position as your betrothed wife which deprives me of that liberty, I from henceforth resign the honor of the distinction."

For a moment Paul Fletcher did not speak. He fixed his eyes on the beautiful face before him, so cold and emotionless in its perfection, and becoming deadly pale. "Be it so," he said, through his clenched teeth, and then turned abruptly to leave the room. But before he reached the door his justly irritated feelings yielded to softer emotion, as the meaning of Eleanor's last words rushed more distinctly on his mind, and as hurriedly as he had left her he now stood again by her side, an irresistible impulse forcing him back. Taking both her hands in his, he drew her towards him, and with sorrow, anger, and supplication blending in his eyes, looked long and steadfastly into her face. "Eleanor!" he said at length, in a low tone tremulous with intense emotion, but terrible in its quietness. She did not answer, but her beautiful gray eyes met his without shrinking—quite dispassionately. "Eleanor—my darling!" Paul said, again; and this time there was unutterable pathos in the tone. Still no further answer than what those unyielding eyes gave.

Paul let go her hands, and for one moment pressed his to his forehead.

"I have long thought it, Paul," Miss Vaughan now said, "though how much the thought distressed me I cannot tell you, nor how much I feel your present distress! But we are not suited to one another, and never shall be, and it is better to find this out now than later. You are of too exacting a nature, and mine, I confess, is not sufficiently docile. You expect your wife to be a slave—and I do not wish to find a master. Therefore—" But just as Miss Vaughan was concluding her peroration, a servant came to say that her father wished to speak to her, and she swept gracefully out of the room, glad of the excuse, and doubtless purposing to resume the subject when Paul was quieter. It was very natural he should be overcome at present. But when dinner-time came, instead of Paul there appeared a servant, who presented a note from him to Miss Vaughan. In their present position with regard to one another, he said, he *could* not remain under the same roof with her. He had gone only to Hurston (the nearest town,) and he besought her not to let her father know what had occurred until he had written to her. She should hear from him next day. So Miss Vaughan considerately told her father that Paul had been called away suddenly on business and would write next day, and with this the old squire was quite satisfied. "Paul is always at liberty to come and go as he pleases, you know, my dear," he said, kindly. "He is quite like my own son already."

"Quite at liberty, papa," Eleanor repeated, with a queer emphasis.

Meanwhile, what Paul endured it would be difficult to describe. When Eleanor left the room, he had at first been too bewildered rightly to understand what had passed between them. In giving way to the fit of passionate jealousy that had seized him at sight of her letter to Lord Holmdale, he had of course never foreseen the possibility of its leading to such a result, for, believing that Eleanor loved him, he never could have imagined that she would so lightly shake off the ties that bound her to him. A despairing reaction succeeded his excitement, and it was not till he reached Hurston that he became calm enough to view the state of matters a little more reasonably. Paul Fletcher was a young man—younger than the twenty-seven years of life he had gone through; very fresh and buoyant in his feelings. We have told you that Eleanor Vaughan was his first love, but that does not convey an adequate idea of all that she was to him. Paul had no very near relations: he had lost his father very early, his mother's death a few years ago had been his one great sorrow. Eleanor was all that he now loved best in the world. After God, he had faith in her. And now that faith could not be so easily shaken.

He was again in fault—that mad outburst of jealousy! It was no wonder she had resented it, for if there was one fault he could allow in her character, it was pride, and his tone had been so dictatorial that he had roused this feeling. After all (but here Paul gulped down the anger that would rise), her letters to Lord Holmdale might have been necessary; Mr. Vaughan might have made her write on business. And yet, if so, why did she not explain as he had entreated? But she would explain now—he would write to her and ask her to forgive his violence, and tell her it was only his love for her that caused it and overmastered him; and then Eleanor would unsay the words that had made him so miserable, and it would all be forgotten again between them. So Paul wrote—not a high-flown letter, but with the manly straightforward simplicity that distinguished his character, taking the greater part of the blame to himself with great humility, and yet still adhering, though gently, to his original idea of their mutual relations. Not even for Eleanor could he give up what he held to be true; but casting himself on *her* mercy, he prayed that she would grant him merely these few words of explanation, and not let resentment of his violence cause their separation. Paul was very hopeful after he had sent this letter; surely it would bring an immediate recall to Vaughan, and once with Eleanor, everything would be smooth again.

The answer was immediate. It was very kindly worded, and written in a very clear, flowing hand, not a scratch nor a blot on the paper. She assured Paul that the momentary displeasure she had felt at their last meeting had vanished at once, and that, of course, if his opinion on the subject of their disagreement was such as he expressed it, why! every one had a right to adhere to his own opinion. She begged his forgiveness for all the pain she had caused him, and still more for that which she feared she was about to inflict. But since he left she had given the matter more mature consideration, and she was now more fully convinced that they ought to part. They never should be happy together; each had certain faults that must clash with the other. And more than this—would Paul, *dear* Paul, ever forgive her?—she had carefully examined into her own heart, and discovered that what she—at the time of their engagement a girl of eighteen—had mistaken for love, was in reality but sincere affection for him. She would not deceive him;—nothing more! And this she felt was utterly unworthy to give in exchange for his noble love, and so it was better for them both that they should break an engagement which never could be for the happiness of either. She should always feel for him a lasting, &c., &c., and she hoped that in time, &c., &c. And she remained his sincere friend, Eleanor Vaughan.

For long, Paul Fletcher could not realise it, could not believe that thus it was to end. Ah! surely she would relent, surely she had wrongly read herself, surely, surely she *must* love him! He had given her his manhood's strong love, his reverence, his faith—was it to be all in vain? And then wild gleams of hope would shoot up in his heart, bred of his very despair, dancing like corpse-lights over the grave of his love. Surely it never could be given to one human being to cause another such misery! in moments of bitterness he would ask himself, he who had never wronged her by thought, word, or deed! But such moments were rare. Paul Fletcher loved Eleanor too truly to feel great anger against her. Better had he done so—better had burning anger filled his heart than such profound sorrow, such forbearing love for her. He would not blame her even to himself; self-accusing, he ever sought excuse for her.

The truth was, as you will perceive, that though Paul Fletcher's idol had cast back the worship of her votary, refused the incense offered at her shrine, still the image was not thrown down from its pedestal. He worshipped still; he had not lost his faith in her.

Now, however, he determined there was nothing to do but to wait; time might work in his favor. His leave had expired, and he returned to Ireland wearing as impenetrable a mask as he could assume. He must wait—he must try and wait patiently.

Paul Fletcher had not long to wait. A month after his return he one morning received a letter from Mrs. Moore, a good-natured dowager who had taken a great fancy to him during his frequent visits at Vaughan, and who now found some ingenious excuse for writing to him. After a long preliminary on the important object of her letter (whatever that might be, for Paul did not pay much attention to it), Mrs. Moore suddenly assumed a confidential tone. Paul must excuse her broaching a painful topic—she considered herself an old and very sincere friend—but she had at once become acquainted with the *fact of Eleanor's* quarrel with him, and it was upon the subject of the latter that she wished to write to him. (Did you ever observe what a knack of communicating disagreeable information, and dropping uncomfortable innuendoes, good-natured people often have?) She wished to be the first to write it to him, for if it were told him unexpectedly it might distress him more. Had he heard of it?

"*It?*—what did she mean?" Paul exclaimed, impatiently. "Could she not say at once what she wished to communicate?" And he turned eagerly over the page.

It had taken people a good deal by surprise, and no one more than Mr. Vaughan, for it was so very shortly after———In a word Eleanor's second engagement was announced. To the new member, Lord Holmdale. "And we all think," Mrs. Moore went on consolingly to say, "that dear Eleanor Vaughan has made a very bad exchange. In fact, though you know how much I love the dear child, I almost feel inclined to congratulate *you*, dear Captain Fletcher, for I fear her disposition must be very fickle."

Eleanor was engaged to Lord Holmdale! This was how it had ended. The play was played out, and Paul was the dupe of the piece. He had trusted her blindly—he now saw. Till now, Paul Fletcher felt he had not really suffered, for now his faith in her was gone, the idol had fallen from the altar with a terrible shock, and lay disfigured before him, and his heart, still full of devotion, found nothing but an empty shrine to offer worship at.

Paul Fletcher bore this, the greatest disappointment of his life, manfully. No one ever knew what it cost him, no one ever should know how it had all come to pass, and thus perhaps dare to cast blame upon her. Thank heaven, he had no one who would presume to sympathize with him!

And so six months more elapsed without his hearing anything further of Eleanor, and in those six months Paul's young, impassioned heart grew as much older than his twenty-seven years of life as it had hitherto been younger.

We need scarcely tell you that Eleanor Vaughan had never really loved Paul Fletcher, otherwise than with the reflected love a vain woman feels for any man who worships her, and whom she *likes*. From this feeling, and partly as an exercise of her sovereign will, she had become engaged to him, and probably would have fulfilled her engagement, had not circumstances occurred of late to arouse her besetting passion—ambition.—Lord Holmdale, a clever, cultivated man of the world, had appeared on the scene of their quiet neighborhood; she had been interested, excited by the successful election, in which, owing to her father's position, she had had

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMB'R 13, 1858.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CHANCE READERS.

We call the attention of chance readers of THE POST to our Prospectus for Next Year in another column. They will see by reading it, we think, that they cannot do better than enroll themselves upon the long list of our subscribers. The **$1,680** story, by the distinguished author, MR. G. P. R. JAMES, will be of itself worth the price of the paper to club subscribers—Mr. James's last novel, LORD MONTAGU'S PAGE, is now selling in book form for $1,25. And then, besides, we design furnishing THREE STORIES from MARY HOWITT, a Series of BRILLIANT ARTICLES from GRACE GREENWOOD, a NOVELET by T. S. ARTHUR, &c., &c., &c. Add to these our MISCELLANEOUS and AGRICULTURAL Articles, the SELECTIONS from FOREIGN SOURCES, the FOREIGN and DOMESTIC NEWS, THE MARKETS, &c., &c., and our subscribers will have about TEN times the worth of their money. But see Prospectus.

BEGIN AT ONCE!—To those who design making up Clubs for THE POST, we would say emphatically, BEGIN AT ONCE. Even if you do not wish your subscriptions to commence before the first of January, do not neglect to make up your Clubs AT ONCE! Do not wait until the field is reaped before you commence—but take the harvest at its opening. By so doing you will save yourselves labor, and greatly benefit us. Let our old friends especially, who have stood by THE POST through so many summers and winters, fail not to BEGIN AT ONCE!—and we will show our contemporaries of the press that "some things can be done"—not only "*as well*"—but *a little better* than others.

As we expect to receive a large accession to our list at the opening of the year, when we design commencing Mr. James's novelet of "THE CAVALIER," we would be obliged if those making up clubs to begin at that time, would send them on as early as possible, in order that we may so regulate our edition that none may fail in getting their papers without vexatious delays. When the bulk of a club is made up, the names obtained can be sent on, and the remainder forwarded afterwards, when they will be added on our books.

THE BANK OF PENNSYLVANIA.

It is not to be denied that considerable apprehension exists in the public mind that a fair and just trial will not be awarded to the individuals charged with a conspiracy to defraud the stockholders of the Bank of Pennsylvania. It is not unfrequently hinted in private conversation, that by means of various legal quirks and quibbles, legal delays and legal subterfuges, the trial will either be put off until the public interest in the matter has subsided, or else a full and fair investigation into the merits and demerits of the case be stifled. It is for the Judge before whom this case is to be tried, and whose ability and impartiality we have no reason to doubt, to see that the important consideration of a fair and just trial is not allowed to be either delayed or defeated. Some one or more persons have been guilty of a great wrong to the stockholders of the Bank in question. If Messrs. Allibone and Newhall, or either of them, are innocent, God forbid that we should endeavor to make them the scapegoats whose sacrifice shall expiate the sins of others. If they are guilty, however, let them receive the due reward of their offence, that their punishment may serve to deter others from similar transgressions.

Of the stock of the Pennsylvania Bank, 2,404 shares, at $100 par value, were held by females; 915 shares were held by Trustees and Guardians; 427 shares by Executors and Administrators; and 350 shares by Religious and Charitable Associations—making in all 4,096 shares, which, at the average cost price of $120 a share, represented a capital of $491,520, belonging to widows and children, to unmarried women, and to Religious and Charitable Societies—and therefore really to the suffering poor. To squander the money of these helpless classes of society, was an offence of even deeper dye than the generality of such wholesale robberies.

Will not those entrusted with the sad duty of winding up the affairs of this Bank, remember the helpless classes interested, and give their most active and unselfish exertions to saving as much as possible out of the wreck for the stockholders? It is sad to think of the decay of public virtue that the prevalent suspicion as to the general conduct of the Assignees of such bankrupt institutions implies. From the remains of another great banking institution, rumor says that large private fortunes have been carved. And yet this rumor would cast a taint—moral if not legal—upon men whom their fellow citizens delight to honor. And in that institution too, went down the only means of many a widow, many an orphan child. Upon fortunes so acquired—if any fortunes were so acquired—there must rest a taint that will spread to and corrode all the wealth of their possessors. More, the accusation of the plundered, of the widowed and the fatherless, will go up to Heaven—all silent now—but ready to speak forth, in a voice like thunder, against the unfaithful stewards, at the great Day of Account.

A "JEST" ON SHIPBOARD.—The following curious report recently appeared in the *Ledger* of this city. It would be doing injustice to our daily press not to remark that it has attracted the editorial attention of several of them:—

ALLEGED CRUEL TREATMENT ON SHIP BOARD.—The case of the first and second officers of the ship "Esther," charged with severely and cruelly punishing two sailors on board the vessel, was heard yesterday before Judge Cadwallader, on a writ of *habeas corpus*.

David Barnes, one of the seamen referred to, testified that, on Sunday, the 24th of last month, while the vessel was lying at anchor in the Delaware Bay, he was ordered by the first mate among other things to get ready to paint ship; to this the witness demurred, on account of the day and the fact that the ship was in port; witness was then tied up to the rigging, in such a manner, that his arms were extended over his head, while his toes merely touched the deck; in this position he was allowed to remain from half-past six o'clock until eleven.

Joshua Hickman, another witness, testified that he received the same punishment, for the same cause.

Judge Cadwallader, after hearing one other witness, who testified to seeing the witnesses above mentioned in the position which they described, said the master of a vessel must of necessity exercise his discretion in cases of this kind, and he must be the judge of what is likely to produce a mutiny. In looking at the punishment, he took into consideration the character of sailors; what to a landsman would be a hardship, would perhaps to a seaman be considered merely a jest. Under all the circumstances, the Judge considered it his duty to discharge the defendants from arrest.

Two questions, it will be noticed, are brought before the community by the above. First, Is it right in the officers of a ship, while lying at anchor in the Delaware river, to require their men to *paint the ship* on a *Sunday*?

Secondly; Is the genus sailor constructed, physically and mentally, so different from the genus landsman, that what the latter would regard as so severe a punishment as almost to deserve the name of *torture*, is considered by the former, in the language of Judge Cadwallader, "*merely a jest*?"

The above may be considered very good questions to be discussed by the Debating Societies through the country the coming winter, —that is, should there happen to be two opinions upon them.

THOMAS CARLYLE'S RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.—The reader of Carlyle must often have wondered what the religious opinions of this gifted but eccentric author really were. Calvinism is often referred to, and often praised, in his productions—but generally in such terms as to leave considerable doubt in the reader's mind, whether it is praised simply as a thing good in its day, or as a creed good for all time. But in Mr. Carlyle's last work, the Life of Frederick the Great, *recently published, our author seems at length to have committed himself.* We quote as follows:—

"His Majesty understands, on credible information, that Deserter Fritz entertains very heterodox opinions; opinions on predestination for one, which is itself calculated to be the very mother of mischief in a young mind inclined to evil. The heresy about predestination, or the 'freie guadenwahl (election by free grace,)' as his Majesty terms it, according to which a man is preappointed from all eternity either to salvation or the opposite (which is Fritz's notion, and indeed is Calvin's, and that of many benighted creatures, *this editor among them,*) appears to his Majesty altogether as shocking; nor would the whole Synod of Dort, or Calvin, or St. Augustin in person, reconcile his Majesty's practical judgment to such a tenet."

It will thus be seen that Mr. Carlyle writes himself down a believer in the doctrine of Predestination, with Calvin and others. We wonder how those who have been in the habit of classing Carlyle and Emerson together—calling Emerson a follower of Carlyle—will account for this discrepancy? Will they not begin to see at last that the principal resemblance between these authors is in their being both rather peculiar—though not in the same way. If, in religion, Carlyle is a Calvinist, and Emerson a—what shall we say?—Nothingarian, or Pantheist; if, in politics, Carlyle is an Aristocrat, and Emerson a Democrat; and if, in literary style, one is involved and rugged, but grand and forcible—and the other, though sometimes obscure in meaning, plain, direct and polished—where is there the resemblance between them?

A HANDSOME BALUSTRADE.—We stepped in, a few days ago, at Messrs. Archer, Warner & Miskey's, on Chestnut street, to see the massive and beautiful bronze balustrade completed by them for the private stairway of the Capitol at Washington. It comprises four flights, and they stipulated to make it for $30,000—though the cost to them will exceed that amount, as they have spared no pains to furnish a specimen of their work that will do them and the country honor. As we have said, it is both a beautiful and massive piece of bronze work, and worthy of the building for which it is designed. And for our part, we think it no unwise use of money, to lavish upon the Capitol of a great industrial nation like this, all the embellishments of our art and industry. So that the money appropriated by Congress be honestly and fairly expended, and not corruptly squandered, we care very little how much the new Capitol buildings finally cost. In all such large works, however, the danger of corruption is very great indeed—and this, we admit, is a great objection to them.

THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—Our country readers will see, by a reference to the proceedings of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society, in our General News department, that Mr. Gowen, Ex-President of the State Agricultural Society, and others, have a very poor opinion of the Chinese Sugar Cane.

SHIPWRECK.

The article from "*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*," on our fifth page, whether fact or fiction—and it is probably the former—is even surpassed in interest and pathos by the account of the wreck of the British barque Claude, on the 29th of last month. We quote from the account given in the *New York Times*, as follows:

The British barque Claude, of Shoreham, Captain Charles Cressell, of 334 tons register, sailed from Quebec, bound for Sunderland, on the 15th ult., with a full cargo of timber. Nothing unusual occurred for the first five days, and everything passed pleasantly. On the 25th there was a strong gale, with violent squalls, and a heavy sea, with rain. A few days after, the vessel leaking very badly, the men worked incessantly at the pumps. On the 29th, the wind and weather continued about the same, but the vessel labored more heavily. All hands were kept constantly at the pumps, without time to eat their meals, but a biscuit and a glass of grog were given them about every two hours to cheer them up. By ten o'clock, A. M., we found the water gaining very rapidly, and at 11 o'clock, A. M., it was up to the cabin floor.

The men being now exhausted, and finding it useless to continue longer at the pumps, we immediately set to work to make arrangements for prolonging our lives until we should be fallen in with by some friendly sail. The sea was making a clean breach over the vessel, carrying away bulwarks, and everything movable upon deck. Provisions and fresh water sufficient to last a fortnight, the ship's instruments, and the most valuable portable effects of the captain and the crew, were accordingly taken to the tops, not the slightest fear of the vessel's capsizing or sinking being entertained, from the nature of her cargo; and the sea being so heavy, it was not safe to launch the boats. About noon, the ship filling fast; the captain's wife was taken to the maintop, and the crew were preparing to follow, when the ship fell over to starboard, and went down on her broadside, the yards and masts being totally submerged.

The captain's wife got entangled in the rigging and was drowned almost immediately; the whole of the crew were washed off. Only nine of the thirteen succeeded in regaining the ship, the other five were swept away by the force of the sea, or drowned while clinging to the rigging and spars. The ship remained about an hour upon her broadsides; during this time three more of the unhappy crew were washed off and lost.

About 1 P. M. the ship getting freed of everything on deck, and all her masts and yards except the mainmast and mainyard, righted herself, and the decks began to break up fast. The gale continued all day and night, but the rain ceased. Through the unexpected capsizing of the ship, the survivors were without food, water, or change of clothes—they were in fact absolutely destitute.

To add to the horror of their situation, *the dead body of the captain's wife, still entangled in the rigging of the ship, was constantly in view, though beyond their reach*, on account of the torn and shattered condition of the rigging and spars. The ship rolled and plunged so fearfully that it was impossible for the survivors to get at the corpse to bury it in the sea. The crew remained in this condition through another night without food or water, and the next morning they were all very much exhausted and cramped by clinging to the rigging, and suffered intensely from thirst. About 11 A. M. they saw a vessel standing towards them, about 10 miles distant, which proved to be the United States ship Isaac Bell, Captain Johnston, who, as soon as the wreck was discovered, being then about four miles to the windward, bore down towards it.

As quickly as possible, although the high cross-sea and strong wind rendered the undertaking very dangerous, a boat was lowered, commanded by Mr. Oldacre, chief officer, and manned by a volunteer crew. The unfortunate survivors were brought safely on board the Isaac Bell, in two trips, the weather being too rough to allow the boat to remain alongside with three, in addition to the crew, at a time. *The body of the captain's wife was, from necessity, left in the rigging.* Captain Johnson treated the rescued with all the kindness and sympathy their thoroughly destitute situation required.

SAVED.—*Charles Chessell, Captain*; Henry Kimber, mate; George Lane, Henry Finnis, Henry Pursey, Robert Bartley, seamen, all of the County of Sussex, England.

LOST.—*Harriet Chessell, Captain's wife*; Henry Ede, boatswain; George Knowles, George Burgess, John Dunbro, George Mitchell, seamen, all of the County of Sussex; Philip McGee, Barnard Sheehy, natives of Ireland.

What a picture of the horrors of a shipwreck is contained in that episode of the captain's wife! And to think of the bereaved husband's being forced to leave the dead body there, bound to the rigging, and dashed up and down by the wild heaving of the waves! Can anything told in fiction surpass in mournfulness this simple fact of but a few days ago?

A "VEILED SONGSTRESS" is about to appear at the Palace Gardens in New York. She is to sing with her face covered, in consequence of a mysterious disagreement which she has had with her family, which is rich and influential.

"Covered, in consequence of a disagreement with her family"—tell that to the marines. She either covers her face because she would gain nothing by its being seen; or else because she thinks that it will stimulate the curiosity of the long-eared, short-sighted public, and thus put money in her purse. And, if she thinks the latter, we think that she is right. The *first* "veiled songstress," if she can sing passably well, and can give a touch of melancholy to her manner and matter, is bound to succeed. But there will be no use of any one trying that veiled game twice—the field is open for one "veiled songstress," but one only. Where is Barnum?

A MAN, named Johnson, in New York, an Ex-Alderman, was fined $3 for assault and battery upon a Mrs. Brown—the accused, as the complaint sets forth, having "taken hold of defendant and kissed her, without any justification."

One would infer from the above that Mrs. Brown, by her own admission, was not very good-looking—for, if she were as temptingly pretty as many of the ladies of Philadelphia, she could hardly in fairness accuse the Ex-Alderman of committing the "offence without *any* justification." This view of the matter also derives strength from the smallness of the fine—for three dollars would be very little to pay for kissing some ladies, and would hardly deter the perpetrator from repeating the offence.

A SCRUB RACE.—The N. Y. "*Journal of Civilization*" was completely eclipsed by the *Police Gazette* last week. The latter had engravings, not only of the killing of the Gouldy family, as the "Journal" had, but also of the *four pieces of skull* taken from the heads of the victims. The "Journal of *Civilization*" will have to brush up, or its competitors in the "blood and mud" line will distance it. It is a "*scrub race.*"

New Publications.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE, by JOHN R. TAIT, (Parry & McMillan, Philada.,) a volume of verse inscribed to T. B. Read, is, report says, the work of a young artist of Cincinnati, and, as the title implies, is the fruit of poetic excursions in Italy. Several of the poems have more than ordinary merit. One of the best is "The Diligence"—in which the desolate and dreary aspect of a rain drenched landscape seen through the window of an Italian stage coach, becomes the type and exponent of a corresponding heart-sickness on the part of the gazer. Here are a couple of stanzas, full of picturesque power and gloom:—

"Then a curse and a crash,
A rumble and splash,
The articulate tread of each hoof, and again
A bare wall or two; then the olives and vines,
All the desolate landscape, the mist and the rain,
And the brown rugged peaks of the dim Appenines,
Ridged and black as the forehead of Cain,
And the frozen sadness in heart and brain.

"See! down to the right
The sea, black as night,
And afar in the haze looms a ship like a dream—
A nightmare still—for the winds, like sleep,
Are folded in silence and motionless seem,
And still down the pane the raindrops creep.
The solitude seems a numbing pain,
And the loneliness crushes my heart and brain."

We need not bid our readers admire the vivid power of this word-painting, nor the imaginative significance which permeates it. There are other poems in the volume different in theme and treatment, not less meritorious than this.

WOODSTOCK, OR THE CAVALIER, by SIR WALTER SCOTT, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) is the author of Waverley's splendid picture of the days of stout Oliver Cromwell, and despite its cavalier prepossessions, and the later vindication of the Puritans, it has still value as an illustration of history. It forms here part of the exquisite household edition of Scott's novels, which we have so often praised.

THE HARVEST AND THE REAPERS, by REV. HARVEY NEWCOMB, (Gould & Lincoln, Boston,) is written in the interest of the general evangelization of Christendom, and may be considered an instrument of revivals.

A PRIMARY NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, by JOHN JOHNSTON, L.L. D., (C. Desilver, Phila.,) is an excellent work for young beginners. The author is well known by his former works on chemistry, which stand high among books of their kind.

THE MUNICIPALIST (George Savage, New York,) discusses the American system of governing with special reference to the amending of the New York State Constitution. The author states that his book "is no novel, no flashy literary product, but a novelty, as the reader, acquainted with this kind of literature will certainly find out."

PUSHY WOODS TAVERN; OR, SAM SLICK IN TEXAS, (T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is amusing for its rich Texan vernacular, as well as for the rough humor and graphic force of its narrative.

A POCKET MANUAL OF CATTLE, HORSE AND SHEEP HUSBANDRY. Fowler & Wells, New York.

☞ A woman too often reasons from her heart—hence two-thirds of her mistakes and her troubles. A man of genius, too, often reasons from his heart—hence, also, two-thirds of his troubles and mistakes. Wherefore, between woman and genius there is a sympathetic affinity; each has some intuitive comprehension of the secrets of the other, and the more feminine the woman, the more exquisite the genius, the more subtle the intelligence between the two. But note well that this tacit understanding becomes obscured, if human love pass across its relations. Shakspeare interprets aright the most intricate riddles in woman. A woman was the first to interpret aright the art that is latent in Shakspeare. But did Anne Hathaway and Shakspeare understand each other?—*Balwer.*

☞ "Hair," says Leigh Hunt in that genial way of his, "hair is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us, like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that, with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to Heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature—may almost say: 'I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now.'"

☞ Very few of the *moulders* of public opinion and destiny have the sagacity to make a reform "come from *above*, that it may not come from *below*." Such men are very rare. By far the greater number of men of talent or commanding position, are disposed to accept the vices, errors and follies of their times, and to fraternize with them, rather than manfully attempt to oppose and reform them.

☞ It is an actual fact that a man who attempted to hug a beautiful young woman, named Miss Lemon, has sued her for striking him in the eye. He is altogether unreasonable. Why should he squeeze a Lemon unless he wants a punch?

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill;
I would be high, but see the proudest oak,
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke;
I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mine:
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free:
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud;
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass;
Rich hated: wise suspected: scorned if poor:
Great feared: fair tempted: high still envied more:
I have wished all; but now I wish for neither;
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair; poor I'll be rather.
—*Sir Henry Wotton.*

☞ When Canning's health was drunk at the Ministers' Blackwell dinner, he replied:—"Gentlemen, this is a fish dinner; so, after sincerely thanking you for your good wishes, I do not see that we can do better than follow the example of the fishes, who drink a good deal, but never speak."

A ROMANTIC EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF WELLINGTON.

Whoever should endeavor to exhibit "the Iron Duke" as the hero of a romantic love story, in which sentiment is blended with chivalry, would probably be laughed at. Yet, there really is such an incident, true in all particulars, and imbued with the delicacy and refinement of impassioned affection. At the risk of having this little love-passage ridiculed, we shall take leave to relate it.

At the age of twenty-eight, Arthur Wellesley, (or Wesley, as he wrote it at the time, according to an autograph in our little collection,) went to India, with the rank of full Colonel, obtained simply by the influence of his aristocratical birth and connections, and by money, in the tenth year of his military service. At that time, he was engaged to Catherine Pakenham, daughter of the Earl of Longford, and sister of General Sir Edward Michael Pakenham, who was killed in the battle of New Orleans. The lady, who was young and beautiful, was devotedly attached to Colonel Wellesley, and her affection was fully reciprocated. Called to India, where his elder brother was Governor-General, to take a leading part in the war with Tippoo Saib, this fortunate soldier had to leave his ladye-love behind. After an absence of eight years, during which he won rank and renown, he returned to England, where he was met by a letter from Miss Pakenham, informing him that the small-pox had assailed and injured the beauty which he had so much admired, when life was younger and gayer with both of them, and, with tender sadness, assuring him that *she* had resolved to relieve him, from his engagement. With the true feeling of an honorable mind, he assured her that her beauty had not been the only inducement to woo and win her, and that he was desirous of marrying her. Accordingly, the *marriage took place, in 1806, within six months* of his return from India. The only fruits of this union were two sons, one born in 1807, and the other 1808.

In the spring of the latter year, Wellesley had to leave his wife to take part in the Peninsular war. He returned for a short time, after the signing of the Convention of Cintra, but from 1809 until 1814, during which he rose, step by step to the highest honors of the English peerage, he was detained on the Peninsula. The strong tie of married love was weakened by this prolonged absence, and the Duchess of Wellington, from the Waterloo victory of 1815 to her death in 1831, was not a happy wife. To the last, she deplored that a sense of honor had made the Duke marry her, against her own better judgment, when her beauty had become a thing of memory alone.—*The Press.*

TOO SICK TO DIE.—Dr. Walter Channing, one of the oldest and most eminent physicians of Boston, tells the following story in a recent contribution to the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal:

A few days ago, I was present, with other physicians, at an operation done for the relief, if not the cure, of apparently a very dangerous *surgical disease*. A question of prognosis occurred, and in my answer I said I thought Miss ——— would recover. There was present our friend Dr. J. B. S. Jackson, whose strong and enlightened zeal in medicine *we all know. Said he to my remark, "I remember*, when house physician in the Massachusetts General Hospital, during your service, a very unpromising case of typhoid was under treatment. A student asked if the patient would not die. 'No,' said you, '*he is too sick to die.*' The man recovered." This allusion to the relation between Dr. J. and myself was made by him some time after the cases of scarlatina. The above remark on prognosis has been doubtless made by others, and in the severest, apparently the most hopeless cases. Whence comes the strong feeling of eventual recovery in some of these, will probably be explained with difficulty by physicians who have experienced it.

☞ Sidney Smith says, "A joke goes a great way in the country. I have known one last pretty well for seven years. I remember a joke after a meeting of the clergy, in Yorkshire, where there was a Rev. Mr. Buckle, who never spoke when I gave his health, saying that he was a buckle without a tongue. Most persons within hearing laughed, but my next neighbor sat unmoved in thought. At last, a quarter of an hour after we had all done, he suddenly nudged me, exclaiming, 'I see *now* what you meant, Mr. Smith—you meant a joke.' 'Yes, sir,' said I, 'I believe I did.' Upon which he began laughing so heartily that I thought he would choke, and was obliged to pat him on the back."

☞ Boldness puts men forth before their time, before their ability. Wherein we have seen many, that, like lapwings and partridges, have run away with some part of the shell on their heads; whence it follows, as they begin boldly, so they proceed unprofitably, and conclude not without shame.—*Bishop Hall.*

☞ It is the opinion of a Western editor that wood goes further when left out of doors than well housed. He says some of his went half a mile.

☞ The Columbus Statesman says, "the ceremony of marriage will lose half its terrors if the number of divorce cases continues to increase."

☞ A sober man, when drunk, has the same kind of stupidity about him that a drunken man has when he is sober.—*Sterne's Tristam Shandy.*

☞ PROOF POSITIVE.—*Amelia.*—Well, I think Charley is too girlish. He hasn't got the least bit of beard.

Grace.—I say he has a beard, but he shaves.

Amelia.—I think not.

Grace.—Well, I know it, for it pricked my cheek.

Amelia.—Oh, Grace!

☞ N. P. Willis "hates the build of a trotting sulky, with a driver looking as if his spine was screwed into the axletree—a man with wheels put to him."

☞ When you doubt between words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew fine words as you would rouge, love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1859.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE,

THE NEWS, AGRICULTURE, &c.

G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., MARY HOWITT, GRACE GREENWOOD, T. S. ARTHUR, &c.

The Proprietors of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would call the attention of the public to their long-established sheet, and especially to their BRILLIANT ARRANGEMENTS for the coming year. THE POST is peculiarly adapted to the wants of COUNTRY FAMILIES, as it contains weekly not only a large amount of the Best Literature, but the Latest News, Agricultural Essays and Information, Domestic Receipts, Accounts of the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

In its Literary Department measures have been taken to render the coming year one of Unusual Interest. Determined to obtain for THE POST the very best talent that could be procured, we have made arrangements with the distinguished author, G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., for the aid of his brilliant and fertile pen. We design opening the year with an Historical Novelet by this gifted author, to be entitled

THE CAVALIER,

BY G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.,

Author of "Richelieu," "Mary of Burgundy," "The Old Dominion," &c., &c.

To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novelet the sum of

$1,680.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

In addition to "THE CAVALIER," we have already secured

THREE STORIES from MARY HOWITT

a lady whose name and literary abilities are probably known wherever the English language is spoken.

We may further state that GRACE GREENWOOD, the popular American authoress, will contribute regularly to our columns. A Series of Articles from her brilliant and graceful pen has been arranged for, to be entitled

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS;

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

In this Series, which will probably run through the whole year, our readers may anticipate a literary treat of no common character.

A NOVELET, BY T. S. ARTHUR;

our readers' and the public's old and approved friend has also been engaged to add to the treasures of the New Year. Our admirable weekly

LETTERS FROM PARIS,

which have been so well received by our readers, will also be continued.

In addition to the names of G. P. R. JAMES, MARY HOWITT, GRACE GREENWOOD, and T. S. ARTHUR, we may mention MRS. M. A. DENISON, MISS EMMA ALICE BROWNE, "FLORENCE PERCY," MISS MARTHA RUSSELL, and the Author of *MY LAST CRUISE*, as among the *regular* contributors to THE POST. The productions of many other writers, of course, will at intervals grace and adorn our columns; and

CHOICE SELECTIONS

of all kinds, from the BEST FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC SOURCES, shall continue to be, as heretofore, a leading feature of our paper. The Stories, Essays, Sketches, Agricultural and Scientific Facts, &c., &c., obtained in this way for the readers of THE POST, are among the most instructive as well as interesting portion of its contents. THE VERY CREAM of the PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF THE BRITISH ISLES being thus given to our readers.

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☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

A PETRIFIED WIFE.—A few days since, a gentleman residing in Rising Sun, Indiana, who had married a second time, wished to remove the body of his wife to a new cemetery. Preparations were made to that effect, and laborers opened the grave in the usual manner; but when they reached the coffin, they could not lift it, so great was the weight. After obtaining considerable assistance, however, the men succeeded in raising the coffin from the tomb. They then could not resist the temptation of peering into the coffin and learning the reason for its unusual weight, and found, instead of the remains of a corpse, a stone figure, the exact counterpart of the woman who had died. This strange story soon spread, and hundreds and thousands of persons were present to see the strange spectacle.

The husband took the body of his departed spouse home, and has it there now, where it is visited by hundreds of the curious and scientific. The body seems to have been petrified, and to have become a perfect stone woman.—The probability is, that the body has become adipocere, and will before long melt or crumble. —*Cincinnati Inquirer, 30th ult.*

☞ Women love to think themselves uncomprehended—nor are they often without reason in that foible; for man, however sagacious, rarely does entirely comprehend woman, however simple. And in this her sex has the advantage over ours. Our hearts are bare to their eyes, even though they can never know what have been our lives.—*Bulwer.*

☞ Books are the tribune from which the world is addressed. Lecturers can only address the few present confined within the walls in which they lecture, but books circulate among thousands. Books convey sentiments, exhortations, narratives, incidents, and instruction which may be diffused as the means of spreading those books exist; and therefore I still, without undervaluing the advantages of lectures, attach the greatest importance to the reading-room, to a well selected library, and to the itinerating libraries.—*Guizot.*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A Halcyon Climate—A Curious Prejudice—A Slight Mistake—The Law of Duration—A Lady-Professor—A Difficult Question.

Paris, October 31, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Our lovely autumn weather has vanished with the comet; and fogs are just now the order of the day. What with the frequent presence of these unwelcome visitors, and the smoke resulting from the increasing use of coal, the winter atmosphere of Paris is fast approximating to that of London, with the additional disagreeable accompaniment of a lower temperature. The gayety of this city, with its balls, theatres, and "spectacles" of every imaginable kind, constitute its sole claim to be considered as an agreeable place to winter in; for the rains and mist of the earlier part of the winter, and the raw east winds of the latter portion of that season, are as disagreeable and as unhealthy as they can well be. The warmth and brightness of Algiers, with its light, dry air and soil, its picturesque mixture of races, and its broad tracts of unoccupied land over which the visitor may ramble undisturbed from one end of the year to the other, make it a tempting place of sojourn during the rigors of the northern winter; and every year a more considerable migratory population from England and France finds its way over to the "colony" of which the latter country is so particularly proud.

The appointment of Prince Napoleon as Viceroy of Algeria, is considered as a pledge of great improvements about to be realized in that strip of territory. Among other measures which, it is hoped, will give a new impetus to the internal development of Algeria, is the parcelling out of the soil among the various tribes of Arabs who now wander at will from one end of the country to the other, but who will henceforth be obliged to exchange this unlimited *right of wandering* and pasturage for the absolute possession of a certain portion of the land. As the exhaustion of the herbage on each of these allotments will soon make evident the need of tillage, each tribe will thus be brought to the necessity of resorting to tillage to improve its soil; and in this way it is believed that the wild "sons of the desert" will be led, by the force of circumstances, to divide the land among themselves, and be drawn into the circle of civilization, with its fixed dwellings, family property, and industrial activities. All of which will, of course, if accomplished, be of great service to the country.

The interest taken by the French in their Algerian colony resembles, not a little, the proverbial fuss made by "a hen with one chick." They will no doubt gradually succeed in making of it a snug and productive little market-garden for London and Paris, but as to anything farther, Time alone can decide what the results of their "experiment" are destined to be. All French attempts to colonize having hitherto proved to be notable failures, one is not tempted to entertain too sanguine expectations of their success in the present case. Yet the characteristic vanity of the nation is never more amusingly shown than in the belief, so generally entertained here, that France is the colonizing country *par excellence*: a belief carried to such lengths in some cases, that I have heard intelligent Frenchmen gravely declare that no other country can found a colony destined to take root, and absolutely deny that England ever permanently colonized any part of the earth's surface! An observation which reminds me how, when a friend of mine, an English officer, lately returned from India, wishing to refer to some work on that country, went the other day to the *Bibliothèque Impériale* (the principal public library of Paris), and asked for the book, the librarian remarked, with a patronizing air, as he placed the volume on the table:

"This book treats of our Indian colonies; I think your country also has possessions in India."

It will readily be imagined that the Englishman, remembering the three little towns constituting the totality of the "Indian colonies" which seemed to fill so large a space in the imagination of the obliging official, had some difficulty in restraining a smile as he took his seat at the library table.

But the comical blindness and ill-feeling of this sharp and good-tempered people with regard to the Anglo-Saxon world, is shown at every turn, and on every subject. Their conversation, literature, and newspapers are alike full of it. The majority of French people believe that pauperism and crime are constantly on the increase in England; that nine English husbands out of ten sell their wives in the market-places; that English girls grow up without the slightest attempt at parental guidance or control, and become so "strong-minded" that they choose a husband among the young men of their acquaintance, and marry him whether he will or no; that Ireland is still impatient to give itself up to France; and that every scientific discovery or useful invention which has been brought to bear in Great Britain was originally discovered by a Frenchman. Even when forced to admit the practical superiority of English industry and machinery, a Frenchman will console his national vanity by a fling at "English stiffness," or "English phlegm;" like a well known lecturer here, who, when lately descanting on the development of industry and agriculture in Great Britain, and urging his audience to make use of the mechanical improvements found so beneficial across the Channel, and in which England is about five hundred years ahead of her "rival," wound up his discourse by saying, "Let us, in short, not imitate the English; but *let us take from them what is good.*"

Among the educated classes, and especially among the professed *literati* of this country, a spirit of much greater fairness towards other nations, is however to be found. Many of the most eminent writers of the day are warm friends of England and of English ideas; and among the brilliant Professors of the various Public Schools and Colleges are men as fair and as liberal towards other countries as the *animus* of the mass of the nation is the reverse. These public lecturers, who are appointed by the Government to the chairs of the different institutions of learning under its control, give, twice a year, a course of oral instruction in large halls of the public schools, and as these "classes" comprise almost every branch of human learning, students may, by their means, acquire an admirable education entirely gratis. Some of these "classes" are reserved for male students; to others, both sexes are admitted, and in these, a large proportion of the audience is always of the fairer sex. In a recent course of lectures on Natural Philosophy, by M. Flourens, Perpetual Secretary of the Institute of France, and a great favorite with the lady-portion of the audience which usually attends the lectures of the College de France, the lecturer propounded a theory with regard to the average duration of life in the different orders of animated existence, which has at least the merit of ingenuity, and which supported by a wide array of instances seemingly conclusive in its favor. According to this gentleman, the average life of every animal is five times the period occupied by its growth to maturity. Observations on the length of time in which birds, cattle, horses, sheep, &c., attain their full growth, and the length of their natural lives, have been made on a wide scale, with a view to the verification of this law; and all apparently prove the reality of this proportionate relation. The natural life of the human race, should thus, according to M. Flourens, give an average of 100 years, assuming the growth of the human subject to occupy a period of 20 years. But as the human frame very frequently continues to develope in size until the age of four or five and twenty, if the proportion in question be really a natural law, we may look forward to a length of 120 or 125 years, as the probable span of earthly life to be reached by our more fortunate descendants.

The well-known institution of the Garden of Plants, with its beautiful grounds, collections of living animals, conservatories and museums is one of the most important of the centres of gratuitous public instruction in this city.—Among its able professors is a lady, who has pursued natural science with such zeal and success as to have placed herself among the first naturalists of the day, and of whose career I may be able to furnish a sketch for the edification of your readers in a future letter.

Who has not often wondered what animals really are? what is their destiny, and what their relation to ourselves, with our boasted intellect that we proudly regard as of a nature so distinct from that of the instinct which, in some cases, seems to approach it so nearly? Does it not, for instance, cause us to feel a faint suspicion of some unrecognized brotherhood between ourselves and the tribe of Bruin, to learn that some little while ago, the directors of the Garden of Plants, wishing to get rid of a pair of superfluous bears, caused some cakes, impregnated with Prussic acid, to be thrown down to them. The bears, says M. Flourens, had no sooner tasted the cakes than they spit out the morsels they had taken into their mouths, and retreated to the farther side of their pit as though seized with horror at the perception of their dangerous quality. But presently they were seen to pick up the cakes, which they carried to their water trough, soaked them, and let them dry, smelling them from time to time; and having thus got rid of the poison by evaporation, they ate the cakes with great satisfaction. The directors, after this, had not the heart to kill the intelligent creatures, which are now allowed a new lease of existence, and are thriving as usual in their dens. M. Doubleton says that the eagle supports its young in their first efforts to fly; and M. Aubert states that a wounded nightingale was so ingeniously aided by its mate that it was enabled to regain its nest, flying with one wing.

The earliest history recounts the intelligent doings of elephants. When Porus was conquered by Alexander the Great, his elephant, Ajax, warded off the arrows of his foes by screening his wounded lord with his own body, defended him with his trunk, and placed him again on his back. The two wounded warriors were equally admired by the conquerors, and the noble elephant, dedicated to the sun, was living and honored 350 years after the battle.

In Siam, the sacred elephants are supposed to be the "habitacles" of deceased philosophers and heroes. They are decorated with lofty titles and dignities, and are regarded as among the greatest officers of the State. The white elephant has a hundred servants to wait on him in his golden palace, where he feeds from a trough of solid gold; and the highest Mandarins esteem themselves honored by being allowed to serve him. Every Indian campaign of modern days abounds in anecdotes showing the wonderful sagacity of the elephant. In one case an elephant having fallen into a ditch, another elephant went off and fetched a third; and the two twisting their trunks under the body of their prostrate friend, contrived to lift him out of the hole in which he had stuck fast.

Lieutenant-Colonel Forrest, of the British army, relates how, in travelling along the Ganges, his party came to a ravine crossed by a slender, fragile-looking bridge; this bridge the soldiers and horses had already crossed, when the elephants, after trying its strength with their trunks, refused to venture on it until they had been lightened of the loads on their backs.

M. Gustave de Lalande, who accompanied the Marquis of Dalhousie when he went with General Lawrence's army of 3,000 men to visit Goalab Singh, says that they had just reached a flat country when a tremendous storm burst upon them, swelling the river Soala, and threatening to drown them in a flood. A bridge of boats was hastily constructed, the troops passed hastily over, but 21 elephants mutinied, absolutely refused to enter the boats, and began trampling their keepers under their feet, when Captain Board, inventor of a system of sounds which the elephants all seemed to comprehend, ran in among the excited animals, commanded them to form into a hollow square, and harangued them energetically on the danger and dishonor they were bringing on the army by refusing to cross the bridge over which the horses and mules had already passed. He then placed himself at the end of the bridge, and ordered them to follow him. The animals, now perfectly docile, at once fell into file, and boldly followed the eloquent Captain across the bridge of boats, amidst the swirl of the flood, and the roar of the thunder.

The well-known elephant, Ceres, now in India, having for several successive days undone his rope in order to steal the banana leaves of his brethren, the keeper gave him a beating for his disorderly conduct. Ceres watched his opportunity, and when the keeper was seated with his comrades round a pot of wine, he hurled a stone at the pot, and broke it. So satisfied was he with the accomplishment of this piece of revenge, that he took the beating it brought on him with perfect equanimity.

A tropical bird called the *trigonocephalus*, has so great a horror of serpents that it no sooner espies the shining scales of one of these reptiles gliding stealthily through the grass, than it commences an angry, plaintive cry, flutters from branch to branch, and calls all the birds in the neighborhood to watch the intruder, whom they follow with loud cries until night permits their enemy, who makes ineffectual attempts to seize them, to escape from their pursuit. If, as often happens, the hubbub made by the birds attracts the attention of the natives, and the detested reptile is found killed by them, the joy of the birds is manifested by unmistakable signs of applause.

Think, too, of the Thermites, when they set to work to procure provisions for the supply of their cunningly-constructed palaces. These ants organize themselves at once into an orderly army, drawing out their forces in straight lines, with a few officers perched on leaves, eight or nine inches above the ground, to maintain order and direct the operations. The officers give "the word of command" by a peculiar movement of their feet; the army of laborers respond by a whistle. By means of this exchange of signals the evolutions are performed with the utmost promptitude and exactness, the foragers collecting their supplies, and returning to their dwelling in the most perfect order.

But volumes would not suffice to record the evidences, on the part of animals, of something so like human reason that it is impossible to say where is the line of demarcation between ourselves and them. The instances of sagacity, devotion, memory, and combination shown in the doings of dogs and horses would alone suffice to fill, not a letter or a book, but a library! And it is impossible, in view of such evidences of understanding and of feeling as are constantly exhibited by the lower races of animated beings, to reflect without shame and regret on the cruelty and indifference with which we are too apt to treat these beings of whom we know so little, and of whom we ought evidently to be, not the heartless and unsympathizing tyrants, but rather the judicious trainers, the equitable masters, and the kindly, generous, and fostering friends. QUANTUM.

Dividing a Dead Archduchess.—We translate the following curious details from a German private letter recently received from Vienna:—

"The Habsburgers (the reigning house of Austria) while living must be reverenced—when dead, they must be worshipped. As a proof of this, let me relate to you what disposition was made of the dead body of the Archduchess Margaret (whose death was sometime since announced). Archducal dust must not [illegible] narchial tradition call for the enactment in one of the largest and most brilliant capitals of Europe, of a drama, fit only to be performed by barbarians in the dark ages.

"The Saxon Princess Margaret, wife of the *Arch-Duke Charles, was laid upon a block and* chopped in pieces, in order to send different parts of the body to various parts of the country. The chopping-up process took place in the chapel of the Castle, in the presence of the dead woman's husband. Extended on a red-draped block lay the naked white corpse, surrounded by priests chanting in Latin, youths swinging censors, and a number of men armed with choppers, saws, and other instruments.—First, the heart was cut out of the body, enclosed in a golden case, and placed in an urn. It was then sent to Rome, to be consecrated by the Pope, after which it was sent to the Loretto chapel, and thence returned to Vienna. But it was not to rest here. Ten cities claimed the honor of being Homer's birthplace, and six Austrian bishoprics claimed the privilege of possessing all, or a part, of the sainted Margaret's body. The bishop of Prague would be content with the arms, the bishop of Salsbury wishes to obtain the head and shoulders, while the Bishop of Linz anxiously desired to possess the two middle fingers. The Vienna consistory was obliged to decide between the claimants, and the heart was at length forwarded to the Common Council of Insbruck, in Tyrol, accompanied by two autograph letters of the Archduke Charles—one of which was *directed to the Chief of the Jesuits*—in which the hope was expressed that 'Tyrol, the always faithful,' would 'for all time cherish the memory of the Archduchess, who was a saint upon earth.'

"Had the heart alone been separated from the body, the chopping-up process would soon have been finished; but the church demanded more. Hence the Archduke Charles directed the cutting open of his wife's abdomen—which was done. The intestines were taken out, placed in copper, silver and golden capsules, and sent with an autograph letter to the Cathedral of St. Stephen, where the said intestines were first exhibited upon the altar, and then buried beneath the altar. Hereupon the two middle fingers were severed from the body, and sent with another autograph letter to Dresden. All that remained of the Archduchess was then wrapped in red velvet, and laid in state on a catafalque; and ultimately the multilated corpse was placed in a coffin and deposited in the imperial tomb."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The Effects of Tobacco.—The Dublin Medical Press asserts that the pupils of the Polytechnical School in Paris have recently furnished some curious statistics bearing on tobacco. Dividing the young men of that college into groups—the smokers and the non-smokers—it shows that smokers have proved themselves in the various competitive examinations, far inferior to the others. Not only on the examination on entering the school are the smokers in a lower rank, but in the various ordeals that they have to pass through in a year, the average rank of the smokers had constantly fallen off, and not inconsiderably, while the man who did not smoke enjoyed a cerebral atmosphere of the clearest kind.

☞ It is a remarkable fact that, however well young ladies may be versed in grammar, very few of them can decline matrimony.

☞ He that goeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never lack ready and attentive hearers.—*Bishop Hooker.*

We do pray for mercy
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. —*Shakspeare.*

DEATH OF A GAMBLING HOUSE KEEPER AT WASHINGTON.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BOSTON POST.]

Washington, Oct. 25.—One of the most celebrated and successful sportsmen of this or any other country was buried in this city on Sunday week. The occasion of his death affords me an opportunity of giving your readers a sketch of the man and a description of his gaming house. Let it serve as a warning, not as an example.

He had been a resident of Washington some fifteen or twenty years, during which period he amassed great wealth by gambling; or, to use the mild and honest language of the Avenue, "he realized an ample fortune, out of the successful operations of his house!" His "house" being the most elegant, and his "bank" the most weighty and substantial in the country, it has been for years the fashionable and fascinating resort of wealthy planters, fast Congressmen, aspiring diplomats, and ambitious sportsmen from every part of the world. For many years past he has lived in the most luxuriant style, having, like a certain other rich man, "been clothed in purple and fine linen and faring sumptuously every day." In person he was above the medium size, fat and sleek, of pleasing address, and a generous disposition; exhibiting in his general deportment to strangers the characteristics of a well fed, good natured clergyman, rather than those of a heartless, unrelenting gambler.

His reputation for generosity was widely established! If a college was to be endowed, a church built, or private charities to be dispensed, his was sure to be among the most munificent of the donations. His wife, now a widow, was of good parentage: a woman of rare beauty and accomplishments, possessing social qualities which, combined with the dazzling allurements of wealth, insured her troops of admirers and courtiers. Rolling along the Avenue, in her magnificent equipage, which far exceeds in richness and style that of the President of the United States, or that of any other gentleman in Washington, she looked a very queen—being quite undisturbed by any thought that her presence sent a dagger to scores of hearts, whose patrimony, unlawfully obtained, had contributed to her enjoyment, in the same proportion that its loss had added to the woes and wretchedness of the beholder.

His "establishment" was upon Pennsylvania Avenue, between the National Hotel and the Capitol. Let us approach and look in.

You enter by a door of variegated stained glass, which, by gas light, reflects all the colors of the rainbow. Ascending a flight of stairs you reach a door, pull the bell, and instantly a small aperture opens and you are greeted with a pair of red eyes and a double row of ivory, set in black, which naturally belong to Sambo, but which, in fact, are the property of the proprietor. A glance suffices. You have filled Sambo's eyes and are deemed passable. The door is at once opened and you are ushered into the anteroom—the vestibule of hell! This room is not large, but elegantly appointed—the chief attraction being the side board, which is of solid marble and white as Diana's breast. Here are arranged in long and glistening columns decanters of cut glass, sparkling like brilliants, filled with the choicest nectar, and blushing to the very necks with the glowing vintage of the olden time. If you pass this Rubicon without tasting its sparkling but dangerous waters, it is not from any dearth of hospitality on the part of your persuasive host. The spacious "Sporting hall" is now visible. The floor is covered with carpeting from the Orient, of immense cost and marvellous beauty. The walls are adorned with superb paintings of the old masters and the new, while pendant from the windows hang curtains of embroidered lace, covered with golden tapestry of Oriental magnificence; with mirrors of mammoth size reflecting your form and features from a score of gleaming embra[illegible] are ranged circular tables of polished rosewood, around which are seated numbers of thoughtful, anxious, dark-visaged men, who heed you not—their eyes having another and stronger attraction. *One would naturally suppose this to be a theatre for feats, dratlery, and song, or* bacchanalian revellings, or pugilistic encounters. Far from it. On the contrary, all is hushed, silent, sepulchral.

"No real voice or sound,
Within these cheerless walls are found."

You are oppressed with the fearful stillness and awful silence which pervades the place.—A laugh, a joke, or even a curse would be a sensible relief. But you hear nothing of this. An occasional long breath or half-subdued sigh is all that tells the ear that these mad devotees are possessed of lungs and life.

An hour's inspection satisfies your curiosity, and you are about taking your departure, when a soft hand taps you on the shoulder, and a low voice: "Please don't leave, sir—supper will be ready in a few minutes." At precisely half-past ten o'clock, the doors of the dining hall are thrown open, and "supper's ready," proclaims an immediate armistice between the combatants, and invites to a more healthy and rational duty. The long table groans beneath their burthen of gold and silver plate, and the heaps of delicacies which surmount and adorn them. Here are venison from the brown forests of Maine, turkies from the broad savannas of the West, canvas-backs from the placid Potomac, trout from Superior, and salmon from the St. John's; together with fruits, flowers and wines for every taste and from every clime.

The repast over you are permitted—with a patronizing invitation to "call again,"—to make your retreat to the open air, there to thank Heaven that you are not a worshipper within this magnificent yet cheerless abode.

One night's work, a few days previous to the close of the last session made sad havoc among the coffers of this den. It is said that a distinguished Senator won on that night one hundred and eighty thousand dollars, which broke the bank and caused a temporary suspension. A new house, however, was soon purchased by the gaming-house keeper, and was being magnificently decorated, when the "king of terrors," the great unbeaten and unchallenged, stepped in and closed the game of life forever. Fatsr.

Unrequited Love.—Miss Wade, a prepossessing young girl of 19 years, committed suicide by cutting her throat, at the house of a friend, where she was stopping, in Detroit, on Tuesday. Unrequited love, or passion, was the cause. A letter was found on the deceased. It was written in a tremulous, unsteady hand, on a piece of colored paper, with a lead pencil. It stated that she had no wish to live, as the man whom she loved could never be hers, and to live without him she had no desire. With many expressions of tender regard for him, and lamentations of the hard fate which separated them, she concluded by desiring that she might be buried at Royal Oak, and that the gold locket hanging to her neck, in which was his miniature, might be buried with her. The locket alluded to was found upon her neck, attached to a chain of gold beads. The chain hung across the fearful gap which her own hand had made, and the locket lay in the gore with which her life had oozed out. The likeness alluded to, and contained within, was that of a young man named Stephen Johnson, a baggage master on the Great Western Railway, a brother of the lady of the house. He is a married man, but is not living with his wife.

A family in New Bedford, Mass., consisting of seven persons, were recently poisoned by using dog-wood for fuel. Dogwood is generally known to be poisonous.

The Comet's Round of Travels.—Though much has already been published regarding our recent distinguished visitor, Donati's comet, there are many who will be interested in the following extracts from an article in the London Times, suggested by the calculations of astronomers estimating the time of this comet's journey round the sun at 2495 years.—The Times says:

Modern science establishes that the range of our present visitor, though immensely wide compared with our planetary proportions, is straitened, indeed, compared with stellar distances. He has his tether in the attraction of the sun, as we have. He can travel, indeed, 350 times further from the sun than we can, and about twelve times further than Neptune, the most distant and last discovered planet of our system; but even this does not carry him one-thousandth part of the distance of the nearest fixed star. Let any one take a half sheet of note paper, and, marking a circle with a sixpence in one corner of it, describe therein our solar system, drawing the orbits of the earth and the inferior planets as small as he can by the aid of a magnifying-glass. If the circumference of the sixpence stands for the orbit of Neptune, then an oval filling the page will fairly represent the orbit of our comet, and if the paper be laid on the pavement under the west door of St. Paul's, the length of that edifice will inadequately represent the distance of the nearest fixed star. That the comet should take more than 2,000 years to travel round the page of note paper we have supposed, is explained by its great diminution of speed as it recedes from the sun. At its perihelion, as we have seen it move lately, it has travelled 127,000 miles an hour, or more than twice as fast as the earth, whose motion is about a thousand miles a minute. At its aphelion, however, or greatest distance from the sun, the comet is a very slow body, sailing along as if doubtful whether to return, at the rate of 480 miles an hour. This is only eight times the speed of a railway express. At this pace, even if the comet could wholly shake off the attraction of the sun, which it certainly could not, and were it to travel onward in a straight line, the lapse of a million years would find it still travelling half-way between our sun and the nearest fixed star. Comets, then, can hardly be imagined visitors from our system to any other, or from any other to our own.—There is every reason to believe they belong to us, and are only planets of a lighter material, less settled construction, more eccentric orbits, and somewhat more devious path than our own solid globe. It is hardly possible to look at them without seeing that they replenish, and perhaps vivify, the subtle medium through which they diffuse their bright products, and which offers a certain resistance to their motion. As to danger of collision, of blighting shower, or pernicious breath, it is as nothing compared with the thousand and one chances on which mortal life depends. It always hangs on a thread, and that thread is not weakened to the amount of one fibre by all the millions of comets which a French philosopher calculates to move in our system.

The Fruit Season in California.—The fruit season is nearly over. Only winter apples and pears, remain to come in, and grapes, which are in vast profusion, at 8 cents per pound for first quality California black grapes. This year has presented to fruit growers their first experience of more fruit than buyers, apples excepted. But next year, there will be, if the crops do not fail, a vast over production of plums, peaches, apricots, pears and nectarines, and a full supply of cherries, apples and quinces. Almonds and olives will not be in supply yet. Strawberries will be in great plenty. It must be observed that all fruit grown in California is free from insects and diseases, and generally the size exceeds the average in the States. Most of it reaches the market by the waters of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, (San-Wan-Kin) so that what is gathered is generally fully realized on sales in market. It is fair also to say that one peck of California pecks bought, as fruit runs, in Philadelphia. It is always sold by the pound, which gives the housekeeper twenty per cent. advantage over the measure, a custom which inflicts great deception upon the Eastern buyer. When we speak of the very high price of fruit here, these facts must be taken in abatement. It is certain, however, that unless there be a large fall in labor and transport, half of the fruits of California will rot on the ground in 1859, as has been the case with peaches in Marysville district this year. One can better conceive of the future abundance, when it is known that the whole peach crop of California was a failure this year, from spring frost, except in the Valley of the Sacramento, and in the orchards around Marysville. San Jose, Suscoe, Suisun, Sonoma, Petaluma, Napa, with their vast extent of peach orchards, did not yield enough to cover expenses, and next year will show thirty-five per cent. addition to the bearing peach trees of the State.

The opening of China to American commerce can confer no great benefit upon California until it can raise or make at market values something to sell to the Chinese. Labor must fall fully one half to effect this. Perhaps we may add that fuel must also be cheapened. It is fully fourfold the price at New York, and there are almost no water powers here below the mountain districts. So that, for the present, the benefits will consist in filling our markets with Chinese productions, for which only gold will be taken in exchange.—*Letter to the Public Ledger.*

Another Miracle.—It is recounted that a deaf and dumb lad of sixteen, a native of St. Brisc, near Dinon, in Brittany, has seen the Virgin, who appeared to him blazing in beauty and surrounded by stars. The celestial visitor opened the conversation by asking his age, to which inquiry he replied, "I don't know." She then told him, and proceeded to recount the whole history of his life, and a variety of other circumstances within his knowledge; she concluded by saying, "Hereafter you shall speak like any other person; meet me again to-morrow night, and I will tell you some wonderful things." The boy came faithful to the tryst, and the Virgin then pointed out to him three mysterious letters in the tail of the comet, and explained that they symbolize prophecies of events to come. He is not, however, at liberty to make known the things that were told him until the expiration of a year from the date of the vision. The boy now speaks and hears perfectly well. Such is the story which, according to the *Union Malouine et Dinannaise*, the natives of the village of St. Brisc are ready to prove upon the hide of any skeptic.

Chess Matters.—*Morphy to Play Before the Emperor.*—Young Morphy, whose chess playing has excited so much interest on the other side of the ocean, is expected home before the close of the present year, and it is understood that the chess players of New York and Brooklyn intend to give him an appropriate reception. What its nature will be has not transpired, but it will no doubt be worthy of the metropolis. Recent advices from Paris state that the Emperor Napoleon has requested Morphy to give a specimen of his blindfold playing at the Tuileries, before the ladies of the Imperial Court, and has also consented to be beaten at chess by the young American at the odds of a rook. There is now reason to believe that, before leaving Paris, Morphy will have a chance to contend with Herr Von der Lasa, the great chess analyst and player, who has recently left Rio Janeiro, where he has acted as Ambassador from one of the German courts for some years past. The meeting of these two chess masters will excite great interest among the lovers of the beautiful game.

☞ We are all worse—and better—than we seem.—*Blackwood.*

NEWS ITEMS.

The 25th day of November has been set apart as a day of Thanksgiving in Alabama, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Illinois. Appointments have now been made in fourteen States.

Sued in Court.—A few days since, a suit was decided in Columbus, Indiana, against William Mewherter, an old and well known citizen, the jury stating that the defendant had in hand, unaccounted for, over $10,000. Mewherter instantly drew a pistol, and placing it at his breast, shot himself dead.

Spicy Case Charge Against a Clergyman.—The Rev. Mr. Smith is now on trial, at Shawmut, Mass., charged with being "a cold, distant man."

Suicide.—James Hope, of Upper St. Clair, Alleghany county, Pa., having been convicted and fined $500 and costs, in a slander suit, hung himself to a tree near his residence, on Monday morning. He was about 50 years of age, and the rather of 12 children.

Gone Back Again.—A correspondent of the New York Herald, writing from New Zealand, under date of July 6th, states that the interesting colony of Pitcairn's Island, the descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty, whom the British Government recently put in possession of Norfolk Island, had become dissatisfied with that place, and had returned to their old residence on Pitcairn's Island.

Relic of a Former World.—The Waco (Texas) Democrat states that the citizens of Sumpter, Trinity county, while digging a well on the square, after having gone some 23 feet through a soft limestone rock, came to a piece of pine timber, hewn out six by twenty inches square, bearing visible marks of the club and broadaxe. Four feet below this piece of timber, through the soft rock, they struck a fountain of excellent water.

Prices For Negroes.—At an executor's sale in Mecklenburg county, Virginia, on the 26th ult., six slaves were sold at an average of $1,077 each.

Value of the New Fire-Arms in Indian Warfare.—The value of Sharpe's rifle and the Minie ball in Indian warfare has been thoroughly demonstrated in the operations in Washington Territory. Col. Wright's command is the first one that has encountered the Indians with these modern weapons. Col. Steptoe had the old cavalry carbine, which was never known to kill an enemy on any occasion, whatever damage their recoil was in the habit of inflicting on the unlucky troops who had to fire them.

Generous.—A Virginia gentleman proposes to donate $20,000 for the erection of an agricultural college in the vicinity of the University of Virginia, on condition that the farmers of the State will render the donation available for the purpose, by contributing an additional sum of $50,000.

The officers whose duty it was to count the votes in York county, Pennsylvania, decided that lead-pencil marks in "scratching" tickets were not lawful, so that the names of candidates stricken out with pencil strokes were counted as though no "scratching" had occurred.

Extraordinary Arrival.—The new bark Pamela Flood, Captain Adams, from Green Bay, Wisconsin, via Quebec, Canada, arrived at New York on Saturday, with a cargo of spars, timber, fish, &c. She sailed from Green Bay on the 11th ult., and was fifteen days on the passage from Quebec to New York.

Appropriate Celebration.—On the 4th of October, the city of Munich, Bavaria, celebrated the 700th anniversary of its foundation. The chief feature of the fete was an immense cortege in which 3,000 men and 500 horses figured, and which represented the respective centuries from the twelfth to the nineteenth, with their emblems, costumes and the great personage of the national history at each epoch.

"Died in the Harness."—The New Orleans (La.) Catholic Standard, states that the Rev. Messrs. Aubert, Girard, More, Cavanaugh, Bazin, Duguernay, and Voglor, have fallen at their posts in that city, from the prevailing [illegible]. The Standard says that within the last six months the diocese of Louisiana has lost no less than sixteen priests.

Curiosity.—One day last week, says the Piedmont (Va.) Independent, a live curiosity passed through this place. It was a boy about six years old, who weighed between two and three hundred pounds. His head was nearly the size of a peck measure, and other parts of the body were in the same proportion.

Freak of Nature.—The Richmond (Ky.) Messenger mentions a freak of nature which is without a parallel in the animal kingdom. It is a colt with but one eye. It was foaled on the farm of Mr. Elisha Roberts, in Madison county. The eye is considerably larger than the usual size, and in the middle of the forehead.

The great development of ladies' dresses, has necessitated the construction of trunks of extra size to convey them on railways; and as such trunks not only take up great room, but cost much trouble, the French railway companies contemplate henceforth charging for them by size instead of weight.

A few days ago (says a Munich letter) a female fainted in one of the streets of this city. An elderly gentleman, who approached the spot where she was lying, requested some of the persons present to go and fetch a medical man. They all replied that they knew not where to find one. "Well, then," said he, "I will go myself," and in a few minutes he returned with a doctor, who applied the proper remedies to the poor woman. The kind-hearted old gentleman was King Louis of Bavaria.

Two houses in Orange county, N. Y., have been recently set on fire by the ignition of loose lucifer matches, supposed to be ignited by rats. Take care, housekeepers.

Maryland Slaveholding Convention.—At a recent convention of the slaveholders of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, resolutions were reported, declaring that free negroism and slavery are incompatible with each other, and should not be permitted longer to exist in their present relations, and calling for a General Convention of the State, to meet at Baltimore in June next, to devise some system to be presented to the Legislature of Maryland, for the better regulation of the negro population of the State.

A committee also was appointed to draft an address to the people, setting forth the grievances under which the slaveholders of the Eastern Shore labor.

A Whopper.—Mr. John B. Perdew, of Worcester county, Md., has in his garden an onion over *four feet* in diameter. It has been there 14 years, and is still growing.

The Gouldy family are said to have taken a worse turn, and the doctors in consequence begin to despair of saving the lives of the old gentleman and the two servant girls. Mrs. Gouldy and the two boys have frequent relapses.

Another lady is missing in New York. Her name is Louisa Mason. She arrived in that city on Wednesday week, and left the residence of her friends, in Hudson street at 3 o'clock P. M., to go to the Providence boat, and has not been seen since. As usual in such cases, it is given out that the missing woman had considerable money about her. Ladies should be careful how they go about New York unattended.

Woman to be Tried for Murder.—Martha Morgan, a young and unusually handsome girl, is to be tried for murder in Raleigh, N. C. She killed, in a brutal manner, another young woman, who was her successful rival for the affections of a young man.

☞ If a *truth* be established, *objections* are nothing. The one is founded on our knowledge, the other in our ignorance.

☞ Fortune-Hunter.—A man in search of a goose with a nest of golden eggs.

some share. It opened up a wider field to her view. Lord Holmdale (perfectly unaware of her engagement to Fletcher, caught by her beauty, and not insensible to the attractions of Mr. Vaughan's broad acres), paid her, as we have seen, marked attention, and this in itself was a triumph. Not that she cared a bit more for him than for Paul; on the contrary, she rather preferred the latter, and he would be much the more easily managed of the two.—But after all, people were right so far—she *was* throwing herself away upon him. It was an extremely bad marriage.

And by the time Paul came to Vaughan at Christmas, she had given Lord Holmdale such decided encouragement that even she could not but feel embarrassed in Paul's presence.—The discovery of the letter, and the scene that ensued, had thrown the casting die. Now was the chance—and she took it. We will not say that she had no compunction; she was sorry for Paul, she knew he would feel it; but he would soon get over it. And meantime Miss Vaughan, under her quiet, dignified manner, gloried in the prospect of the coronet-matrimonial she was to share, and enjoyed the present distinction of being Lord Holmdale's *fiancée*.

For six months, as we have said, Paul Fletcher had no further news of her, or of how matters were proceeding at Vaughan. He seemed entirely cut off from their whole circle, and the feeling of desolation this caused was at times almost insupportable. He felt as if *any* news would be preferable, though dreading what the only news that could now come must be. For he expected daily to hear that the marriage had taken place, as there could be no possible cause for delay. And Paul thought bitterly of the petty obstacles Eleanor had always discovered during her first engagement!

News, however, was at hand. In looking at the Times, one day, Paul's eye lit on the following announcement in the first column:

"At Haughton, on the 22nd inst., Viscount Holmdale, eldest son of the Earl of St. Arvon, to Mary, only child of Sir Andrew Bellingham, Bart., of Haughton Castle, ———shire." Instead of "to Eleanor, only child of Richard Vaughan, Esq., of Vaughan, ———shire."

How this change in the programme had taken place Paul of course could not divine, and was bewildered by a host of conflicting feelings accordingly; but these feelings soon yielded to one only of heartfelt and deep compassion when, a few days afterwards, Fletcher learnt, from the same means of communication, the death of Eleanor's father, his kind old friend, Squire Vaughan.

In a moment all was forgotten; all his own disappointment, all Eleanor's faithlessness—everything was swept away by that one great feeling of heaven-born pity which surged up in Paul Fletcher's heart. How he longed to be with her and comfort her—no longer as a lover, but as the friend she had so coldly hoped he might become! If he might but go to her! This was so much to come upon her at once, poor child!

The wish was fulfilled. The next day Paul had a sorrowful, hurried letter from a cousin of Eleanor's, an old widow lady who occupied the post of chaperone at Vaughan whenever Eleanor felt disposed to be so protected. The squire's death, Mrs. Campbell said, had come suddenly upon them, though for the last two months he had *failed very much. Poor, dear* Eleanor was in the greatest distress; she had had *much* to try her lately, and Mrs. Campbell feared more was in store. Mr. Vaughan had left his affairs in the greatest disorder; the property was much involved. In fact, it was feared that after everything was cleared off, dearest Eleanor's share would be but small.—Captain Fletcher would (Mrs. Campbell continued) receive a letter from the man of business by the same post as hers, telling him that he had been appointed one of the executors to Mr. Vaughan's will. In fact, he already knew this, and the squire had never altered his will since. But oh! notwithstanding all that had happened, the poor, kind old soul went on to pray, would dear Captain Fletcher only not refuse to act? Would he (Eleanor did not know she was writing)—would he only come to Vaughan and help them, and see what could be done? for she knew that he took more interest in Eleanor than anybody else in the world, and that none of the other gentlemen appointed would take half the trouble. The poor squire had asked for him on his death-bed, and wondered why he was not beside him! *Would* he come to them now!

Would he? Was he not with them already in spirit? Would he not go through fire and water, to the world's end and back again, only to have the privilege of serving Eleanor Vaughan?

Paul obtained leave and was off at once, but he did not, as you may imagine, go to Vaughan. He put up at the village inn at Worseley, so as to be as near the—the property, he said to himself, as possible, and thence communicated with the lawyer who lived at Hurston, the county town. There was, of course, a meeting of executors, in which Paul gradually took the lead. He had gained the good will of the man of business, Mr. Burton, who speedily found the advantage of working with a clear-headed man instead of the rather foozle-pated old gentleman to whom the management of Miss Vaughan's property had been consigned. None of them, however, proved restive. One—a cousin of the squire's—remembered well how entirely the latter had trusted in the honor and good judgment of his intended son-in-law, and the two others were not sorry to find any one willing to take the greatest share of a rather complicated business off their hands, and so Paul found that he might without difficulty transfer this to his own strong young shoulders.

With what a will he set to work, how he toiled without ever feeling tired, how he rode about the country from one farm to another, how he rushed backwards and forwards to and from London, talking over refractory creditors and cutting short dishonest ones, it would be difficult to describe. Hard, unpleasant work as he had of it, to him it was a labor of love. It was *Eleanor's* work he was engaged in—it was all for *Eleanor*. Ah, if even in this small degree he could prove how much he loved—that is to say, how much he *had* loved—her! At first affairs looked very bad. The squire had persisted in keeping the management of his estate in his own hands, and was jealous of any interference on Mr. Burton's part. For this management he had lately grown quite unfit; many of the farms were under-let, in some the tenants were dishonest, racked the land, were short of their rent on quarter-day, and then appealed to Mr. Vaughan's sympathies. This appeal was rarely in vain, especially if their fathers or mothers or forebears of any kind had at any period, however remote, been settled on the estate. "Old tenants—old tenants—old friends," the squire would murmur to himself. "I remember birds'-nesting with Taylor's father. Well, well, we mustn't be too hard on them this time," and so on.

The expenditure in one way and another at Vaughan had been great, and so was the debt on the estate at the time of Mr. Vaughan's death, so that at first Paul feared Eleanor's heiress-ship would dwindle to very minute proportions. However, the labor of mind and body was not in vain, and with judicious management and thorough looking into, matters soon assumed a better shape. Many of the farms were re-let, arrears almost forgotten summed up and demanded, exorbitant charges taxed; and just as Paul was beginning to flatter himself that after everything was paid up Eleanor would still be comfortably left, Mr. Burton discovered among the squire's papers, a note of a very considerable sum of money lying at Coutts's, and which but for this accidental find would have remained unclaimed. Thus, though Miss Vaughan's fortune was not so considerable as had been anticipated during her father's lifetime, she was now in more than independent circumstances, and it was chiefly to Paul's untiring zeal and good management that she owed the recovery of so much.

His work was now over, and he had no further excuse for remaining in the neighborhood of Vaughan. Yet it seemed very hard to have to leave it after all without having even a glimpse of her? But so it would have been had Paul alone been concerned, for nothing would have induced him to intrude upon her, or to take advantage of the position in which he had of late been placed with regard to her. But the evening before the day he had fixed upon to leave Worseley he received a note from Mrs. Campbell, expressing in warm terms her deep gratitude in behalf of Miss Vaughan for the manner in which he had granted her petition for assistance, and begging that he would come up to Vaughan and see her before he left. "Eleanor wishes me to thank you in her name, for she is unequal to seeing you; but she is anxious you should know how fully aware she is of all you have done for her, and how grateful."

It was a beautiful August evening when Paul Fletcher once more turned off the high road from Worseley, and walked along that well-known footpath across the meadow leading into the Copsewood. It had been his favorite walk with Eleanor—it had many memories. Paul did not dare to think as he went along; he was afraid of losing the mastery over himself, and even though he knew he was not to see Eleanor, the very sight of the old familiar house, the knowledge that though he did not see her still she *was there*, excited him painfully. Paul was young, and had not yet acquired great power of self-control.

He was shown into the library, the room where he had last seen her. *But, as he had expected, of course it was now empty.* That *is*, Mrs. Campbell was there alone. And the moment the kind, weak old lady saw Paul, she began to cry, which did not tend to make him feel much more comfortable. However, it was soon over, and she went on to tell him all about everything, mixing up details of the squire's death with outbursts of gratitude for all Paul's kindness, as she called it, and lamentations over Eleanor's forlorn condition, which all things considered, were perhaps rather malapropos. She fortunately had enough tact to avoid the subject of Lord Holmdale, though she dropped sufficient for Paul to gather that his lordship's admiration for Miss Vaughan had been too ephemeral long to withstand the attractions of Miss Bellingham and Haughton Park.

The evening was creeping on, and Paul at length took up his hat to go. It was very unreasonable—for his "expectation" of seeing only Mrs. Campbell had been quite fulfilled, and he had seen and heard her for a very long time, but he got up with a very unsatisfied feeling gnawing at his heart—a feeling of bitter disappointment and longing for something more. Well! he must go, and the sooner now the better.

"I must say good-by, dear Mrs. Campbell," he said, holding out his hand, and grasping hers very hard indeed, "and I hope that if—if I can be of any further use to you—you'll be so very kind as to write to me again. And I do trust Miss Vaughan—I mean you—that is Eleanor—" But the last word of this rather entangled sentence was scarcely uttered, when a sound behind him made him look round, and made Mrs. Campbell start. The door had opened, and Eleanor Vaughan, in her deep mourning dress, had entered the room. A last gleam of evening sunshine fell through the side window upon her, and mingling with her golden hair, illumined her beautiful features and transparently pallid complexion, as she stood for a moment in the doorway of this old oak room. Paul saw that she had grown even lovelier during the six months of their separation, and that this was in part caused by the recent sorrow, which had softened her expression and chastened the proud beauty of her face. Unexpected as their meeting was to Paul he managed to appear tolerably composed, though his colorless cheek, and hands tightly clenched over the back of a chair, indicated the effort it was to him. But he had a holy horror of scenes, and this was especially not the moment for any display of feeling.

Miss Vaughan's manner, though it had gained in gentleness, had not lost its graceful quietude, and she now came forward and held out her hand to Paul, as if the circumstances of their last meeting in that very room had never been. Paul held the hand for a moment and bungled out some common-place inquiries as to her health, &c.; after which he made an original remark upon the weather, and took up his hat again. But Miss Vaughan begged of him to remain to tea; she had so many things she wished to ask him about. So Paul found himself once more seated beside her, and with exquisite tact she drew him into a conversation that could not possibly awaken disagreeable recollections. There were so many business matters to ask him about, and which no one could tell her better, and gradually Paul found himself entering eagerly into details of all in which he had been lately concerned, and talking to her as if they really had always been on the cool, friendly sort of footing she had once hinted at his in time becoming used to. Then lights were brought in and Mrs. Campbell made tea, and having recovered her alarm, joined in the conversation too, and when Paul at last went away he had made an engagement to come up the next day and look through another bundle of papers with Miss Vaughan.

True, he was again to have gone back to Dublin, but a business matter of this kind must be considered, and one day more was of no consequence.

However, that day passed and two others in succession, and still Paul Fletcher lingered at Worseley, and every day he was *obliged* to go again to Vaughan. But on the fourth day he went really to say "good-by" at last, and found Eleanor and Mrs. Campbell again in the library. The former was very quiet and gentle that morning, and seemed in low spirits, and when Paul ventured to inquire what her plans were, said rather dejectedly, "That for the present she should remain at Vaughan, and afterwards—she did not quite know—spend the winter abroad, perhaps—somewhere! But wherever she was, and whatever her future fate might be, she never, never should forget all he had done for her, how truly she had been able to trust in him for support and help when she stood comparatively alone in the world, and how indefatigably he had worked to serve her!" Nobody knew how to say a little speech of this kind better than Miss Vaughan, and it was very hard for poor Fletcher to have to hear it, for his own eloquence had entirely deserted him, and he could not trust himself to say more than a few words, which were not very intelligible. Mrs. Campbell had discreetly vanished into the window-recess after Paul had said "good-by" to her, and Miss Vaughan's tone was always low. There was a moment's pause, and then she added, with some timidity, "There are some things I dare not speak about, but—before you go—promise to try in time and think less harshly of my behaviour." And as Paul bent over her hand in token of farewell, Eleanor's voice trembled as she said, "Ah, Paul, believe me, you are indeed avenged!"

Paul Fletcher went back to Dublin with a lighter heart, and with a general sense of happiness pervading his whole being. He had grown younger again; after all, this world was not such a dreary place, life was not so very burdensome. We fear that he gave up his prudent resolves of living in the present alone, and that he began again to look forward. Yet Hope would come; he could not shut his heart against the bright-winged messenger. Eleanor was free; Eleanor felt herself alone in the world. Eleanor knew him too well to think that he could have changed, and in time this knowledge must work its way; she could not always be indifferent to it. The earnest tones of her voice, as she thanked him that evening, rang their burden perpetually in his ear. *More than that, there was something in* her whole manner during those last few happy days that Paul could not explain to himself, dared scarcely analyse, and yet—and yet?

He dared look forward!

And more than all, he thought of her look and tone as they parted, when she—yes, Eleanor!—had almost asked him to forgive her.

Paul's first love had been so deep and true, that it was not easily to be shaken off. He was so foolish, that he would have caught at any straw of encouragement Miss Vaughan had been pleased to cast to him, therefore it was not to be wondered at if now he yielded again completely to the influence, and hoped with all the energy of his youth.

He heard once or twice from Mrs. Campbell after they parted, and the last letter told him that Miss Vaughan had some thought of accepting her cousin Lady Lester's invitation by-and-by, and spending a little while with her. And three or four months elapsed without farther news, while Paul still went on hoping.

After which period he was summoned by Mr. Burton to Hurston on business, which he was obliged to attend to. This business—we willingly hurry over this part of our story—was connected with the immediate marriage of Miss Vaughan of Vaughan, to Henry, ninth Baron Torwood of Nunholm, &c., &c. Owing to Miss Vaughan's recent affliction the wedding was very quiet indeed, and the happy pair started immediately for the Continent. The bridal presents were magnificent, the toilettes most *recherchés*, and the bride looked lovely. *Und so weiter.*

And here, reader, we drop the curtain over the first epoch of Paul Fletcher's history. Shortly after Lady Torwood's marriage, Paul's regiment was sent out to Kaffraria, where he enjoyed to the full the dangers and hazards of that murderous campaign; and being shot through the body within an ace of his heart, lay helpless for weeks in a hut among the mountains with his small detached party, the mountain pass being commanded on either side by bodies of natives, who, as we know, had a pleasant talent for ambuscade.

Lady Torwood became quite the rage in London the season after her marriage. Her husband was very rich, very easy and good-natured, very easily managed, and not exacting. Not brilliant; and looking up to his beautiful wife with some awe and immense admiration—altogether an amiable, rather diluted young man. An "excellent husband," all Eleanor's friends said.

Lady Torwood had attained her object; she did what she liked; what she did everybody else liked. She occupied a high step on the great ladder. Of course Lady Torwood was very happy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ From Bartoli's pictures, Raphael took many notions of national costumes, and perhaps some other particulars; for it is characteristic of great minds to derive advantages even from examples not above mediocrity.—*Lanzi.*

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

A SONG TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN.

One day, upon the mountain side,
I went to tend my father's herd;
Reclining on the grass I spied
A beauteous maid who quickly stirred
Tumultuous passions in my heart,
And wounded me with love's keen dart.

I hastened to her side and said:
"Sweet lass, I want a kiss from thee!"
She started up and answered:
"Good lad, will give some gold to me?"
Then rested on her shepherd's staff,
And eyed me with a merry laugh.

"Alas!" I said, and deeply sighed,
"The gold thou askest for I lack:
'Tis firmly in my wallet tied;
The wallet's on the camel's back;
And far away in Kerman lies
The camel with the wealth you prize."

"Alas for thee!" the maid replied,
"The kiss which thou dost ask of me,
Two rows of teeth from strangers hide;
The teeth are fastened with a key,
Which key my mother shuts from view.
And, strange! she dwells in Kerman too."

Z.

SPEAK GENTLY TO EACH OTHER.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

"Please to help me a minute, sister."

"Oh, don't disturb me, I'm reading," was the answer.

"But just hold this stick, won't you, while I drive this pin through?"

"I can't now, I want to finish this story," said I emphatically; and my little brother turned away with a disappointed look, in search of somebody else to assist him.

He was a bright boy of ten years, and my only brother. He had been visiting a young friend, and had seen a windmill, and as soon as he came home his energies were all employed in making a small one; for he was always trying to make tops, wheelbarrows, kites, and all sorts of things, such as boys delight in. He had worked patiently all the morning with saw and jackknife, and now it only needed putting together to complete it—and his only sister had refused to assist him, and he had gone away with his young heart saddened.

I thought of all this in the fifteen minutes after he left me, and my book gave me no pleasure. It was not intentional unkindness, only thoughtlessness, for I loved my brother, and was generally kind to him; still, I had refused to help him. I would have gone after him, and afforded the assistance needed, but I knew he had found some one else. But I had neglected an opportunity of gladdening a childish heart.

In half an hour he came bounding into the house, exclaiming, "Come, Mary, I've got it up; just see how it goes!" His tones were joyous, and I saw that he had forgotten my petulance, so I determined to atone by unusual kindness. I went with him, and sure enough on the roof of the woodhouse was fastened a miniature windmill, and the arms were whirling around fast enough to suit any boy. I praised the windmill and my little brother's ingenuity, and he seemed happy and entirely *forgetful of my unkindness, and I resolved*, as I had many times before, to be always loving and gentle.

A few days passed by, and the shadow of a great sorrow darkened our dwelling. The joyous laugh and noisy glee were hushed, and our merry boy lay in a darkened room with anxious faces around him, his cheeks flushed, and his eyes unnaturally bright. Sometimes his temples would moisten and his muscles relax, and then hope would come into our hearts, and our eyes would fill with thankful tears. It was in one of these deceitful calms in his disease that he heard the noise of his little wheel, and said, "I hear my windmill."

"Does it make your head ache?" I asked. "Shall we take it down?"

"Oh, no," replied he, "it seems as if I were out of doors, and it makes me feel better."

He mused a moment, and then added:—"Don't you remember, Mary, that I wanted you to help me fix it, and you was reading, and told me you could not? But it didn't make any difference, for mamma helped me."

Oh, how sadly those words fell upon my ear, and what bitter memories they awakened!—How I repented as I kissed little Frank's forehead, that I had ever spoken unkindly to him. Hours of sorrow went by, and we watched his couch, hope growing fainter and fainter, and anguish deeper, until, one week from the morning on which he spoke of his childish sports, we closed the eyes once so sparkling, and folded his hands over his pulseless heart. He sleeps now in the grave, and home is desolate; but the little windmill, the work of his busy hands, is still swinging in the breeze, just where he placed it, upon the roof of the old woodshed; and every time I see the tiny arms revolving I remember the lost little Frank—and I remember also the thoughtless, the unkind words!

Brothers and sisters, be kind to each other. Be gentle, considerate, and loving.—*Examiner.*

ANTIQUITY OF A COMMON CUSTOM.—The practice of resting the pen behind the ear, when not in actual use, a manœuvre performed by clerks with such professional rapidity, and such unerring regularity and ease, as if it were really "the right thing in the right place," has at least antiquity to recommend it. According to Mr. Wilkinson, the scribe of ancient Egypt would clap his reed pencil behind his ear, when listening to any person on business; as the painter was also in the habit of doing when pausing to examine the effect of his painting. —*Notes and Queries.*

AMUSING FIGURE OF SPEECH.—In Shrewsbury, Mr. Polehampton, an English clergyman, sat at the bedside of a poor old man, who, a little while before his last moments, made use of a most extraordinary figure of speech in testimony of his gratitude:

"Ah, sir, I am going first; but you will follow, and we shall meet again; and won't I flap my old wings as I see you a-coming through those gates of pearl!"

MALARIA.

PREVENTION OF FEVER.

Our present theme is some of the phenomena of dew in connection with the hypothesis of malaria, to be followed by a notice of the chief means of preventing the occurrence of periodical fevers. Dew is chiefly the condensed and precipitated moisture of the air, and is formed when this latter impinges on colder substances on the surface of the earth, or within a few feet of it. This coldness depends on the radiation of heat by the earth during the night, in return for the heat which it receives from the sun during the day. The degree of radiation and consequent formation of dew varies according to the nature of the surface; they are greater from earth covered with vegetation than where it is denuded of all such growth.—Hence we find that the quantity of dew is much greater in grass than on gravel walks or garden mould, and that the former is often ten or twelve degrees colder than the latter. The fluid of dew appears, then, chiefly where it is most wanted, on herbage and low plants, the alleged material for the formation of malaria, and it avoids, in a great measure, rocks, bare earth, and considerable masses of water, all of which are exempt from malaria. Night is the time in which malaria is represented to be most noxious; it is certainly that in which there occur the greatest coolness and moisture of the air, in the manner just stated. Exposure to the night air while these changes are going on, or rather in consequence of their going on, subjects the person exposed to refrigeration, which, if prolonged, may end in a regular chill, or depression of the nervous system, followed by a febrile reaction, or hot stage, which ends in sweat. The force of the nocturnal agency will be greatly modified by the geological features of the soil, and the amount of herbage on the surface. Thus, for example, if two men stand sentinels for the night, at the distance of only a few yards from each other, and are clad in all respects alike from head to foot; but the one is in the centre of a grass plot, and the other on a rocky soil, or even a gravel walk, the former will be more exposed to cold and moisture than the latter, and he will be more susceptible, the next day, to fatigue and the injurious effects of improper food or intoxicating drinks, and, from these combined causes, have an attack of fever. A person who, even in a city, shall pass, during a walk of a summer evening, from an open gravelled space or paved street to a plot covered with grass and shrubs, will, in a moment, experience a chilly feeling which, if he were to remain long on the spot, would end in a regular chill. How much more sensibly must the poor laborer feel such a transition, after an exhausting day's work in a broiling sun, and without his strength being renovated by suitably nutrimental food. With him the nocturnal exposure is not transient, as in the cases of those taking a walk or on a journey, but is continued during his sleep in a damp hut or cabin, and without due covering of clothes.—The harvesters in the Campagna, near Rome, often encounter a reduction of temperature in the night, of 34 degrees Fahrenheit less than it was in the day: they are great sufferers from fever.

The direction and force of the wind exert *great influence in the production of periodical fevers. All over the world the east wind is* particularly unpleasant and deleterious in this respect, both in bringing on first attacks, and, perhaps, still more frequently, relapses. A nearly stationary atmosphere, as in a state of prolonged calm, has also a highly injurious effect. Some, indeed, go so far as to assert that the difference between one place and another, on the score of general salubrity, and especially in regard to the exemption from or to the frequency of fevers, consists in the free ventilation caused by regular winds, in the one case, and a stagnant atmosphere in the other. There is not, in fine, any extreme or ascertained abnormal condition of atmosphere, but which, by the admission of the miasmatists themselves, is conducive to the production of fever, by its direct action on the human body; and if this atmospheric condition be wanting, malaria, supposing it to be generated, is comparatively if not entirely innocuous.

In laying down the means of preventing the occurrence of periodical fevers, we need not allow ourselves to be embarrassed by any speculative notion respecting occult causes. We have but to look to the known and appreciable agencies of atmosphere and soil, and shape our measures of prophylaxis or prevention accordingly. The skyey influences to be guarded against by those who reside in known unhealthy localities, are the heat of the noonday sun, and the cool and damp air of the night, or rather of the period which intervenes between the setting sun and awhile after its rising. The detrimental effects of exposure to high solar heat are increased if the individual has been, at the same time, much fatigued by hard work or prolonged bodily exercise of any kind, as in the sports of the field, or after a day's journey. In the state of exhaustion which is apt to result from these causes, his nervous system is more liable to be still further depressed by the combined operation of cold and moisture during the night; and hence the necessity, which even under ordinary circumstances of previous exposure would be called for, of protecting himself against those agencies which are included in the familiar expression of "night air." To court the shade, and to keep within doors during the great heat of the day, and to be early housed when evening approaches, will be the safer course for those who can regulate their own movements. It will be proper also to close the doors and windows on the side of the house which is exposed to the unfriendly winds, or faces the suspected spot. Externally, protection has been found in a grove or thick belt of trees interposed between the house and such a spot, the presumed source of malaria. The cutting down of a screen of this kind has been followed by the occurrence of remittent and intermittent fevers among persons who live near millponds, stagnant pools or sluggish streams. Slight interpositions, as of a wall or a hedge, have sufficed to separate a healthy from an unhealthy district. Similar to this, and probably, a part of the same series of phenomena, are the obstacles to the formation of dew; such as those furnished by a canopy of matting or sail cloth spread horizontally over a piece of ground, although a free passage of air to the latter be allowed at the same time. Any kind of cloth, even placed perpendicularly to the earth, will afford protection from dew, by preventing, in part at least, the loss of heat by radiation. It has been said that a person sleeping under a mosquito net, in the night air, has escaped an attack of fever in a notoriously sickly, or, as it would be termed, malarious district. The interposition of a similar gauze work will prevent the formation of dew, and its precipitation on a body which is covered or otherwise screened by it. An observation of these phenomena has led some writers to advance the hypothesis that miasmata are held in solution by dew or vapor.—Whether we adopt this view of the subject or not, we are sure of one thing, viz.:—That being protected from dew, or, speaking with more precision, from the atmospheric changes resulting from the action between the soil and the air, we need care but little even if the dew should be the bearer of miasmata.

Within doors the air is often damp and chilly if not also stagnant and impure or musty, and as such will add not a little to the deleterious influence of the external air. Its bad qualities, in these respects, are corrected by distributing warm air through the house, by means of a furnace and flues, or a stove in the hall, or, if these be wanting, by a fire in one or two of the principal rooms, and especially the bedchamber. In the most humble dwelling, the object may be accomplished by allowing the heat which escapes from the cooking-stove to warm the air of the sitting and bed room. By these means, the depressing effects of cool and damp air on the nervous system will be prevented; at the same time that movement will be given to the air, and the rooms will be suitably ventilated. In defect of such appliances, the windows facing the south and west should, on clear days, be kept open for two or three hours before noon, and for the same time after it. If, in place of the solar, we procure the artificial heat, by the means above mentioned, the windows may also be freely opened during some portion of the day. As the deleterious effects of cold and moisture, and also of malaria, if we admit its specific agency, are most felt in the night, and especially during sleep, it becomes a point of the highest importance to lodge in rooms the air of which is dry, and of a comfortable temperature.

If the necessities of labor or of business require that persons should expose themselves to the extremes and vicissitudes of temperature and a noxious wind, their injurious operation will be greatly mitigated, if not entirely prevented, by suitable clothing, a part of which will consist in woollen or silk undershirt and drawers, which, as bad conductors of heat, will protect, to a certain extent, the skin from solar heat, and will also prevent the escape of animal heat, or that generated in and belonging to the body, and thus diminish the impression produced by night air. Garments of this texture absorb readily the fluid of perspiration and protect this surface from being chilled during the time that this fluid or sweat is drying up. Additional activity is imparted to the functions of the skin by friction of this part, night and morning, with a flesh brush or coarse towel, and the tepid or warm bath, according *to the degree of sensibility of the nervous system or the previous practice of the individual.* If the apparatus for a regular bath be wanting, a good substitute will be found in sponging the skin with a strong solution of salt and water, and a subsequent thorough friction.

Not the least efficient among the means of protection against an attack of periodical fever consists in the use of good, nutritive food. The disease has been brought on by that of a bad, indigestible quality. In the endeavor to preserve the tone of the system, it has been too much the practice to make large use of alcoholic liquors, to the extent of keeping up a constant preternatural excitement, and even of producing inebriation itself. The practice is unsafe, as any great acceleration of the bodily as well as of the mental functions is always followed by lassitude and debility, and the individual thus affected is more than usually susceptible to any morbid cause, whether of the nature already specified, or of those more concealed epidemic influences, such as yellow fever, cholera, influenza, &c.

When periodical fever persists, or frequently recurs, in despite of all the usual remedies, the physician will recommend to his patient removal to another part of the country, or at any rate temporary changes of air by travel.—*North American.*

SCHOLARS OF THE OLDEN TIME.—In a book recently published entitled "Shakspeare's England; or, Sketches of our Social History in the Reign of Elizabeth," we have the following extraordinary set of rules for the government of servants in the house of a country gentleman at that period:—A servant who is absent from prayers to be fined 1d. For uttering an oath 1d.; and the same sum for leaving a door open. A fine of 2d., from Lady Day to Michaelmas, for all who are in bed after six, or out after ten. The same fine from Michaelmas to Lady Day, for all who are in bed after seven, or out after nine. A fine of 1d. for any bed unmade, fire unlit, or candlebox uncleaned after eight. A fine of 4d. for any man detected teaching the children improper words. A fine of 1d. for any man waiting without a trencher, or who is absent at a meal. For any one breaking any of the butler's glass, 12d. A fine of 2d. for any one who has not laid the table for dinner by half-past ten, or the supper by six. A fine of 4d. for any one absent a day without leave. For any man striking another a fine of 1d. For any follower visiting the cook, 1d. A fine of 1d. for any man appearing in a foul shirt, broken hose, untied shoes, or torn doublet. A fine of 1d. for any stranger's room left for four hours after he be dressed. A fine of 1d. if the hall be not cleaned by eight in winter, and seven in summer. The porter to be fined 1d. if the court gate be not shut during meals. A fine of 3d. if the stairs be not cleaned every Friday after dinner. All these fines were deducted by the steward at the quarterly payment of the men's wages.

☞ Esteem and love are never to be sold.—*Pope.*

AUTUMN WILD FLOWERS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

The autumn sun is shining,
Gray mists are on the hill;
A russet tint is on the leaves,
But flowers are blooming still!

Still bright in wood and meadow;
On moorlands dry and brown;
By little streams; by rivers broad;
On every breezy down—

The little flowers are smiling
With chilly dew-drops wet,
Are saying with a *spirit* voice—
"We have not vanished yet.

"No, though the spring be over;
Though summer's strength be gone;
Though autumn's wealth be garnered,
And winter cometh on;

"Still we have not departed,
We linger to the last,
And even on early winter's brow
A cheerful ray will cast!"

—Go forth, then, youths and maidens,
Be joyful whilst ye may;
Go forth, then, child and mother,
And toiling man grown gray!

Go forth, though ye be humble,
And wan with toil and care;
There are no fields so barren,
But some sweet flower is there!

Flowers spring up by the highway
Which busy feet have trod;
They rise up in the dreariest wood;
They gem the dullest sod.

They need no learned gardeners
To nurture them with care;
They only need the *dews of earth*,
The sunshine and the air.

And for earth's lowly children,
For loving hearts and good,
They spring up all around us,
They will not be subdued.

—Thank God! when forth from Eden
The weeping pair were driven,
That unto earth, though cursed with thorns,
The little flowers were given!

That Eve, when looking downward,
To face her God afraid,
Beheld the scented violet,
The primrose in the shade!

Thank God, that with the thistle
That sprung up in his toil,
The weary worker, Adam,
Saw roses gem the soil!

And still for anxious workers,
For hearts with anguish full,
Life, even in its dreariest paths,
Has flowers for them to cull!

A STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

John Singer's name was a household word with us in the days of frocks and socks, when we were under the dominion of the nursery-maid—to go to John's farm and feast on curds and cream, being one of the grand delights of those unclouded days. John tilled a small holding in Wiltshire, and might have tilled it to the day of his death, as his father did, had he had, like his father, but one child; his offspring, however, numbered seven before he had been wedded ten years; and as the land remained the same while the family increased exceedingly fast, he had to cast about for a better provision for them. The failure of some experiments which, under this pressure, he was driven to make upon new and stubborn soil, deprived him of a good part of his capital, and disheartened him from any renewed attempt in that direction. He now began to think of emigrating. His wife, a busy, right-minded, active woman, made no objection to the step—if poverty was to come upon them, she said, she would rather face it abroad than at home. Just then the newspapers were teeming with prosperous accounts concerning settlers in the far west of North America, where land, it was said, was to be had for a nominal price and the trouble of clearing. The Singers made up their minds to go; and that point being decided, John lost no time in disposing of his lease, his farming-stock, produce, and implements, and putting money in his pocket. There was quite a commotion in the district when the news got wind, and, as usual, a diversity of opinions on the subject. Some said it was the best thing that Singer could do, seeing that he had such a large family; while others said it was flying in the face of Providence, to throw up the farm on which the father had got a living for fifty years. The Singers paid small attention to these various verdicts, but busied themselves in settling their affairs: and in the course of a month or six weeks from the time of forming their resolution, were ready for their departure.

Desirous of obtaining an immediate passage for his numerous family, John set off to B——, and began a search for vessels about to sail.—There were several in the harbor which would clear out within a month's time; but the charge for passage across the Atlantic was much higher than than it is now, and John, who had ample reasons for the practice of economy, was anxious to make the voyage as little costly as possible. Not much short of a hundred pounds was demanded by some of the captains for the accommodation he wanted—a sum he could not afford; and he was thinking of coming away and trying some other port, when he fell in with an agent who offered to introduce him to the captain of the *Camden*, who, he said, would take him and his family on his own terms. John followed the man to the basin, and boarded the *Camden*. She was but a small vessel, and was singularly dirty and disorderly; but the captain assured him she was sound and seaworthy, and would be in neat and tidy trim before she got into blue water. The terms the captain offered were temptingly advantageous, and he further proffered for the use of Singer and his family a strip of cabin in the middle of the vessel, in which they would be separated from all intercourse with the steerage passengers. This latter consideration decided the bargain. John paid half the stipulated sum as earnest; and as the vessel would positively sail on that day week, he lost no time in concluding his preparations, and getting his family on the spot, ready to embark when the moment of departure should arrive.

What follows is a matter of such momentous interest that we shall decline narrating it in the third person, and allow John Singer to tell the story himself, as we shudderingly heard it from his own mouth.

"It was on the 25th of July," said John, "when, with my wife, seven children, and my wife's niece, I went on board the *Camden* in B——— harbor. We had never been to sea before, and we knew well enough that sea-sickness awaited us, and that we should most likely be all ill together for a day or two. I had made what preparation I could for this bad time, by providing some simple medicines, a small stock of spirits, and the means of procuring hot water at two minutes' notice. Sure enough, the sickness came, and a miserable time it was. The wife and children were all laid up in their berths before we were out of the Channel, and were unable to help themselves. I was sick, too, and could have followed their example; but in that case we should have been all helpless together; so I forced a resolution, and waited on the rest as well as I could through it all.

"The youngest of the children got over it first; my wife suffered most, and we had been five days at sea before she was sufficiently recovered to be able to come on deck. When at last she got into the fresh sea-air, it revived her at once—her appetite and strength returned, and her old cheerful spirits and activity as well. She set to work to put things in a comfortable trim, and made our little cabin quite a parlor.

"We had reason to be thankful that we were separated in all respects from the steerage passengers. They numbered about fifty to sixty *in all, and were not only of the poor and miserable*, but of the dirty and degraded class. Nearly all were Irish, and about a third of them were women, who—I will say that for them, poor souls!—were much better than the men, and did a good deal to restrain the violence of their conduct and language. I don't think the whole steerage could have mustered five shillings among them, and the greater part had nothing but rags for clothing. They subsisted entirely on the rations dealt out to them, and about these, and a small stock of tobacco which seemed to be common property, they were quarrelling day and night. Soon after sundown the captain sent them all below, and shut down the grated covering of the hatchway; but I noticed that he took continual care to ventilate their quarters, for he was afraid, as he told me, lest some virulent disease should break out among such a dirty set, and we without a doctor on board.

"Our crew consisted of eight men besides the mate and three boys; there were no cabin passengers, nor was there any accommodation for any—the *Camden* carrying a good deal of merchandise, principally of rough Birmingham goods, such as are in use and demand among settlers and colonists. I was no sailor, as I said before, and ill qualified to judge of sea matters; yet I could not help thinking we made but slow progress, compared with other vessels. We were in the track of ships bound to New York, and I had noticed that one or two *which hove in sight in our rear had overtaken* and passed us in the course of a day. When I mentioned this to the mate, he said those vessels were liners, built for sailing, and not for trade, like the *Camden*—we were doing well enough.

"From the position of our cabin, I could hear, as I lay in my berth at night, not only every movement of the crew, but also, when the weather was not rough—and it was mostly fine—every word that was said. To this circumstance I owe it that I am now a living man, and that I and mine are not lying fathoms deep in the devouring sea. One night, as I lay awake listening to the lap, lap of the water against the side, the voices of the captain and mate conversing in an undertone drew my attention. Some words that passed between them aroused my fears; I sprang out of bed, and stealing to the door, overheard enough of the parley to make my blood run cold. I gathered that the vessel was leaking at all points through the strain of the cargo—that in spite of pumping to the utmost, the water gained upon them, and that it was the mate's opinion she would founder, do what they might, within twenty-four hours. The crew, of course, were not ignorant of their condition, and they would mutiny and seize the boats and abandon the ship unless relieved by some vessel in the course of the following day. The captain was plainly at his wits' end, and knew not how to act. To make the passengers aware of their position would be certain destruction to all on board, as nothing else could be expected but a desperate fight for life, in which the boats, hardly capable of containing two dozen people, would to a certainty be all swamped. A groan from the captain was the last sound I heard, as they turned away from the spot, still conversing together.

"You may suppose the trouble of my mind at this fearful discovery. I thank goodness it was not allowed to unsettle my wits, and so prevent me from doing what was best to be done. I thought it right not to oppress my wife and family with this bitter knowledge, so long as it could be avoided; and as I lay awake and listened to their breathing, I prayed to Heaven for guidance, and turned over in my mind everything that it was possible to do. I came at last to the only conclusion which seemed to promise us a chance of life: and what that was will appear before long. I could not sleep, and yet towards morning I fell into a doze, from which I was roused by a frightful dream of a wild storm, and all my little ones swallowed up in the vortex of the sea, and none to save them.

"Next day I went on deck, and endeavored to behave as though ignorant of everything; it was a hard task, for I was never used to deceit. I watched narrowly everything that took place, and knowing what I did, saw but too plainly confirmation of what I had heard in the anxious, dogged looks of the crew. I heard the noise of the pumps going continually, though I could not see them. About nine o'clock it came on to rain, and rained the whole of the day so hard, that few of the emigrants came on deck, and those only for a short time. The rain was accompanied by a thick mist, which bounded our view to a mile's circuit at most. I had noticed that a signal fluttered on the mast, which I had no doubt was a distress-signal; but what chance was there of its being seen in the thick rain-mist? There was a brass gun on deck, and about noon the captain gave orders to have it scaled and cleared up by one of the boys. It was fired several times, and the report brought up a lot of the idle fellows, who clamored for more discharges, which the captain, as if to gratify them, allowed. I knew well enough that these also were signals of distress; but they were not heard, and the day passed away, and nothing hove in sight.

"About half-an-hour before sunset, the mist blew off, the clouds dispersed, and the whole sea-view was again clear to the horizon on all sides. I watched the faces of the crew as they looked anxiously round; the mate himself ran to the mast-head with a telescope, and remained there till the sun had sunk, and only a long streak of yellow light shone in that direction. The fine evening had brought all the passengers on deck, and they were inclined to dance and be merry. All my little ones, too, ran out into the sunshine, and gamboled playfully among the cordage. It made my heart break to look at them. My wife was about calling them in to put them to bed; then it was that I beckoned her into the cabin and shut the door. I took both her hands in mine, and looking her sorrowfully and solemnly in the face, said:

"'Betsy, my loving wife, can you, for the dear children's sake, banish all a woman's fears and weaknesses, and be firm to act as I shall bid you?'

"It was not so much the words as the tone of my voice which made her shrink back, and, in a manner, *gasp for breath*; but she recovered herself with a great effort.

"'John,' she replied, 'I knew it; I have known all day there was something dreadful on your mind. Let me share it; I have a right to share it; with God's help I can and will bear it—indeed, indeed, you shall not have to reproach me with weakness.'

"'It is well,' I said; 'remember what you have promised, and that the lives of all you love may depend upon your keeping your word.'

"I then told her the dreadful tidings, and how the knowledge had come into my possession. She heard the whole with more fortitude than I had expected; but she turned stone-color at my words, and from the calmness with which she spoke afterwards, you might have thought her heart had turned into a stone.

"'What are we to do, John?' I will obey you in all things. *Is there any hope of life? My children! my children!*'

"'Remember,' I said, 'not a word of grief or complaint, lest you destroy what little hope there is. Trust in Providence, and do what I tell you.'

"I then gave her directions—first, to put the children to bed without undressing them; then with the help of her niece, to pack up some small parcels of preserved meat and sweet biscuits, and to have outer clothing ready for the children at a moment's notice. I gave her as much to do as I could think of, to keep her *mind from running on the horrors of our situation*, which, as the crisis drew near, were hardly supportable to myself.

"I then went on deck, sent the girl in with the children, and walked up and down with my eyes wide open. I observed that the long-boat, which, the day before, had contained all sorts of rubbish, had been cleared out, and that some barrels and boxes had been stowed under the thwarts, while two pair of new oars had been brought up from below. The two smaller boats remained swinging in their places, one over the side, the other at the stern.

"It must have been about an hour after sunset when the captain began complaining of the filthy state of the decks, and declaring that he would have them swilled at once, ordered all passengers to their berths. There was some demur among the rough Irish fellows at this mandate, but he quieted them by the promise of a kettle of rum-punch, which he ordered the cook to prepare and serve out to them. They were now all obedience; were soon in possession of the grog, and we heard them singing lustily in chorus while it lasted. Meanwhile, the pumps worked harder than ever, and some show of swilling the decks was made; but I sat like a cat on the watch, with my gun loaded in my hand, a knife in my girdle, and ready to act at the decisive moment. It was a moonlight night, and I could see plainly all that took place around the long-boat. From time to time things were brought and put into it; among the rest, the ship's compass and chronometers.

"Before midnight, the noise in the steerage had died away, and the whole of the emigrants were probably buried in sleep. The mate came on tiptoe down to our cabin-door, and listened to ascertain if any of us were awake. The breathing of the children deceived him, and he returned to the deck, where he immediately signalled the lowering of the boats. The whole crew were but too ready to assist at this service; three of them sprang into the boat at the side, which touched the water the next minute: and then the long-boat was hauled towards the slings, and was in the act of being suspended, when I felt the moment was come, and, rushing out, presented myself to the astonished crew.

"They paused in their work, and glancing silently at one another, began to gather round me.

"'What is the matter, Singer?' said the captain, 'you seem alarmed; has anything disturbed you?'

"I had taken my station against the bulwarks, under the slings, before I replied.

"'I am not a man to be alarmed without reason,' I said. 'You know whether I speak truth, when I tell you there is reason enough now.'

"'You are dreaming,' he returned; 'but I have no time to parley with you; be so good as to return to your cabin.'

"'That's of no use, captain,' I replied; 'pray, understand at once that I know everything. I don't intend to go to the bottom with my wife and children, so long as a chance remains. You don't lower that boat unless you take my family on board.' As I spoke, I tapped twice on the side-rail, and Betsy came out on deck, with the girl and seven children, as I had bidden her, 'Refuse my demand,' I went on, 'and we raise the passengers, and let them know the truth. Who will escape then, you can tell better than I.'

"Again the men looked at each other, and though several of them made as if they would speak, each checked himself, and for a minute not a word was uttered. At last an old seaman stepped forward—

"'It's no use talkin' and disputin' now,' he said. 'Mr. Singer's right; and it can't be expected for him to do no otherwise. We must have the family with us, and leave the provisions behind, and trust to being picked up; that's what it is, cap'n, accordin' to my 'pinion.'

"'There is nothing else to be done,' was the captain's answer. 'Be quick, boys; put in the children, and lower away.'

"Two or three barrels, as many bags, and a large hamper, were hastily removed from the boat. My wife and children were put into it as it hung over the side; two seamen followed, and it was lowered into the water, the sea being fortunately calm. The boat at the stern was not lowered at all; it was in fact but a mere cockle-shell, and would have been of little use. The captain distributed the remainder of the crew between the two boats, so that the long-boat carried fifteen in all, and the other seven. Myself and the captain were the last who left the vessel. Notwithstanding the terrible anxiety of the moment, I could not help pitying that miserable man, as he lingered and lingered on board, and seemed to be inventing one excuse after another for delaying the final abandonment of his ship. The mate in the long-boat called to him several times, but he seemed as though he did not hear, and continued pottering about among the rejected articles with which the deck was strewed, as if in search of something, though he knew not what. More than once he sat down on a coil of rope, and buried his face in his hands, until I began to doubt whether he would quit the vessel at all, and had not made up his mind to remain and share the miserable fate of the castaways. But he, like myself, had a wife and children dependent upon him; the thought of them no doubt tugged at his heart-strings, and urged him to self-preservation. The last thing he did was to go and withdraw the bolt which fastened down the grating over the steerage; and then, signing to me to slip down the side, he said in a whisper: 'They are awake; I heard them talking. The Lord have mercy upon them! They will never see the day.'

"We were no sooner in the boat than the men pushed off and moved rapidly away, as if determined to get out of sight and hearing of the miserable beings left all unconscious of the fate that was fast approaching them. We made but little way, however, because our boat was too heavily loaded. The captain gave orders to have certain things thrown overboard, and some indispensable provisions transferred to the other boats, which were provided with [illegible] things delayed us for some time within a stone's throw of the *Camden*, from which I could not withdraw my eyes for a moment. The moon shone so brightly that *every rope of the doomed vessel was visible, and all the familiar objects* on the deck which had been our home. Nearly all the sails were set, and showed ghostly-white beneath the moon; but the vessel being without guidance, they flapped idly this way and that, like the wings of a wounded bird. Slowly the head of the vessel turned round, and, as she drifted before the wind, advanced towards the boats. Just then I saw a figure in a white night-dress running frantically about the deck—now peering over the side, now, with hands clasped above its head, gazing up at the sky, but uttering not a word. Then it disappeared, and within a minute, from the hollow hull of the vessel came a tumult of voices—of savage execrations mingled with despairing cries and shrieks, as the forlorn and wretched creatures swarmed out upon the deck. They crowded to the little boat at the stern, fought savagely for the possession of it, and swamped it in the vain attempt to get it afloat—the most forward and furious of them perishing before the eyes of the rest. And now that all were aware of the death that awaited them, the cries and the curses, and the long dismal howls and shrieks all mingling together, were most heart-rending and horrible to hear, and will ring in my ears to my dying day. They soon caught sight of our boats, as the men, panic-stricken by the awful sounds, paused upon their oars, and gazed as if fascinated by the fearful tragedy. As the sinking ship lurched heavily nearer and nearer, we merely pulled a few strokes sufficient to maintain a safe distance, and then paused and gazed again. The poor doomed wretches, stretching their clasped hands towards us, prayed piteously for the help we could not afford them; and anon goaded to madness by our silence, for we answered them not a word, called down curses from Heaven upon our heads. It was a dreadful and sickening thing to be obliged to fly from the distress which we would all have willingly risked our lives to alleviate. But, alas! there was no help for it; and all we could do was to add in silence our bitter lamentations to their own. For more than two hours we sat the agonizing spectators of this horrible tragedy. It must have been nearly three hours past midnight when the *Camden* went down, and the last drowning cry of the wretched passengers rang in our ears. I prayed to Heaven earnestly that night that no human eye might ever again behold such a spectacle; and I hope the Great Ruler of the universe will hear my prayer.

"The dead, cold silence that followed struck more terror to my heart than all the agonizing cries that had gone before. Then I heard the strong men sobbing like women; but at these sounds, the captain, who had hid his face from the dreadful spectacle of the wreck, roused himself, and in a calm severe voice ordered the men to pull away, himself taking charge of the rudder. I had been in a sort of maze all this time, incapable of doing anything but stare fixedly on the poor sinking ship; but when the boat began to move, I was recalled to my proper senses, and then the thought of my family, and the peril we were in, almost bewildered me again. I turned to my poor wife; she was in a dead swoon, and as I afterwards found, had fainted the moment I had joined her in the boat, and had beheld nothing of the fearful sight which had unnerved us all. She lay in the arms of her niece, who was almost as helpless as herself. The two eldest girls were moaning with apprehension and terror; but I was glad to see that the younger children were fast asleep, and that the girl had covered them up close in the bottom of the boat. We were all huddled together with the captain at the stern, and as the sea was quite calm, were fortunately warm and dry. I put a little brandy to Betsy's lips, and chafed her hands and feet, and it was not long before she revived and looked round. The captain was very kind to us, and so were the men, and bore me no malice for the part I had taken; on the contrary, they endeavored to encourage us by saying that we should be sure to be picked up, at the furthest, in a day or two, and that, unless we had rough weather, all would be well.

"The day was now beginning to dawn, and there was soon light enough to reveal the horizon on the eastern side. Two sails were visible, they said, though I could not see them; but they were too far off to catch sight of any signals we could make, and none were attempted. All that day we rowed on in an easterly course, looking anxiously for some relieving vessel. Whether the captain felt the confidence he expressed with regard to our being picked up, I do not know; but in the afternoon he caused an account to be taken of whatever provisions were on board the boats; had them fairly distributed according to the numbers in each; and put us all upon an allowance, which, he said, would last for five days, with water for three days more. The sweet biscuits and the spirits in my possession were added to the general stock—the latter to be used only for cases of sickness or exhaustion. I had little inclination for food myself; but it distressed me to hear the complaints of the children at the scanty meal allotted them that day, and it went to my heart to be obliged to quiet them by reproof; what grieved me still more that my wife would not touch her allowance, but shared it with the youngest children.

"Towards evening, a sail appeared to the northward, at the distance of five or six miles. We hoisted a shawl on an oar for a signal, and turned our boats towards her, and at one time had good hopes that she had seen us, as she altered her course as if to meet us; but she veered off on another tack shortly after, and disappeared in the distance and dusk of the evening. This disappointment came like a fresh calamity, and cast a dismal gloom on us all; but now a worse thing alarmed us—the weather became overcast, and though there was not much wind, the billows rose and fell in long black walls of water, now heaving us aloft on their tops, now plunging us down in the gloomy furrows. The boat lay very deep in the water. The captain signalled the other boat, to know if they could relieve us of a part of our weight; but all they could do was to take one of the water-casks, which they hauled on board with a rope. We threw over a few of the articles which could best be spared, and thus lightened the boat a little. Meanwhile, the weather grew worse—the billows began to break in foam, and the spray dashed over us in showers. With the aid of a hammer, a saw, *and a piece of sail-cloth, we managed to rig up* at the stern a rude bulwark against the breakers, which would else have swamped us. It now began to rain, and that in a way that promised a continuance of wet for some hours at least. In a few minutes we were all drenched to the skin—and all more than ever impressed with the extremity of our misery and peril. My wife scarcely spoke a word, unless it was to quiet and comfort the children, who now cried bitterly, and would not be consoled. The men no longer talked hopefully; but I could see them straining their eyes through the darkness, as it descended rapidly upon us, in search of some passing vessel.

"I think we all tasted the bitterness of death many times that night. Had the swell of the sea, as we expected, increased and brought the wind in its track, nothing could have saved us from sinking. It pleased God, however, to compassionate our distress, and limit the fury of the waves; and the rain ceasing an hour after midnight, the moon struggled fitfully from the clouds, and showed us, oh, happy sight! a large vessel bearing full down upon us not half a mile in our rear. The men of both boats saw it together, and raised a shout with combined voices. Apparently this was not heard, and the captain called to me to fire my gun, which I had mechanically brought with me, and which he had prevented me from throwing overboard when I offered to do so. I did as he desired, and a minute after, we had the inexpressible rapture of seeing a flash on board the ship, and hearing the responding report of their gun. I cannot tell you the feelings which now rushed into my breast—the gladness and the gratitude of such a time they only know who, having been long in the very jaws of death, are suddenly snatched from its horrors to peace and safety.

"The good ship which had saved us was *La Pareille*, a French vessel, bound for Cherbourg from New York. Except the captain, none on board could speak much of the English tongue; but they understood our wants, and supplied them with a kindness and hospitality not to be surpassed, and seemed pleased beyond measure at their good-fortune in finding us. We continued with them five days, at the end of which time they spoke an English brig bound for Cardiff, to which, with many hearty good-wishes and farewells, they transferred us. We arrived safely, in three days more, in the Bristol Channel, and I was allowed to land at Swansea, where a relative of my wife's received us hospitably after the fearful perils we had escaped."

Such was Singer's account of his first sea-voyage, narrated to us eleven years after its occurrence. One would have thought that such an initiation in the fearful contingencies of sea-life would have sickened him of voyaging, and made him content to try his fortune once more in his native land. His friends took this for granted, and when, within a few weeks of his return, he began making inquiries for another ship, accused him of tempting Providence to his destruction. John looked on the matter in a different light—felt convinced, in fact, that he was not destined to a watery grave—and made up his mind to follow his original intention. But he took better precautions this time in the choice of a vessel—embarked his family in a first-class merchantman, and, after a speedy and prosperous passage of five weeks, arrived in safety at New York, whence he set out at once for the land of promise in the Far West.

As a settler, Singer did well. He bought land on the boundary lines of civilization, and shrewdly squatted a considerable tract in addition. He had the address to conciliate a wandering tribe of Indians by his generosity in their time of need, and thus converted the usual enemies of the settler into friends and defenders. As his family grew up, they proved valuable and productive capital, and paved his way to competence and independence. His success drew many of his old friends after him, and he renewed, in the forests of America, the associations and friendships of his youth in Wiltshire. In ten years, John had grown up a man of substance and authority, looked up to and respected by the population of a whole district. At that time, his wife's father died, leaving a considerable property to be divided equally among his children. Then it was that John Singer came over to assist in the settlement of the business, and to receive his own legacy; and then, too, it was that we heard the lamentable story of the loss of the *Camden* from his own lips. This was twenty-seven years ago, and we have not heard of the sturdy settler since. If he be yet alive, he is no doubt honored as a patriarch, for the snows of nearly fourscore winters have by this time settled on his head.

SPANISH BEAUTY.

The Spanish women are very interesting. What we associate with the idea of female beauty is not, perhaps, very common in this country. There are seldom those seraphic countenances which strike you dumb, or blind, but faces in abundance which will never pass without commanding admiration. Their charms consist in their sensibility. Each incident, every person, every word, touches the fancy of a Spanish lady, and her expressive features are constantly confuting the creed of the Moslemen. But there is nothing quick, harsh, or forced about her. She is extremely unaffected, and not at all French. Her eyes gleam rather than sparkle; she speaks with vivacity, but in sweet tones, and there is in all her carriage, particularly when she walks, a certain dignified grace which never deserts her, and which is very remarkable.

The general female dress of Spain is of black silk, a *basquina*, and a black silk shawl, a *mantilla*, with which they usually envelope their heads. As they walk along in this costume in the evening, with their soft dark eyes dangerously conspicuous, you willingly believe in their universal charms. They are remarkable for the beauty of their hair. Of this they are very proud, and indeed its luxuriance is equalled only by the attention which they lavish on its culture. I have seen a young girl of fourteen, whose hair reached her feet, and was as glossy as the curls of a Contessa. All day long, even the lowest order are brushing, curling and arranging it. A fruit-woman has her *hair dressed with as much care as the Duchess* of Ossuna. In the summer they do not wear their mantilla over their heads, but show their combs, which are of great size. The fashion of these combs varies constantly. Every two or three months you may observe a new form. It is the part of the costume of which a Spanish woman is most proud. The moment that a new comb appears, even a servant wench will run to the melter's with her old one, and thus, at the cost of a dollar or two, appear the next holiday in the newest style. These combs are worn at the back of the head. They are of tortoise-shell, and, with the fashionable, they are white. I sat next to a lady of high distinction at a bull-fight at Seville. She was the daughter-in-law of the Captain-General of the province, and one of the most beautiful Spaniards I ever met with. Her comb was white, and she wore a mantilla of blonde, without doubt extremely valuable, for it was very dirty. The effect, however, was charming. Her hair was glossy black, her eyes like an antelope's, and all her other features deliciously soft. She was further adorned, which is rare in Spain, with a rosy cheek, for in Spain our heroines are rather sallow. But they counteract this slight defect by never appearing until twilight, which calls them from their bowers, fresh, though languid, from the late siesta. The only fault of the Spanish beauty, is that she too soon indulges in magnificence of embonpoint. There are, however, many exceptions. At seventeen, a Spanish beauty is poetical. Tall, lithe, and clear, and graceful as a jennet, who can withstand the summer lightning of her soft and languid glance? As she advances, if she do not lose her shape, she resembles Juno rather than Venus. Majestic she ever is, and if her feet be less twinkling than in her first bolero, look on her hand and you'll forgive them all.—*B. Disraeli, in Contarina Fleming.*

LAMB ON THE LIVER.—Charles Lamb, though not holding a physician's credentials, has given a better bit of medical advice on the liver complaint than is to be found in the whole range of professional books on the subject. Hear him: "You are too apprehensive of your complaint. The best way in these cases is to keep yourself as ignorant as the world was before Galen of the entire construction of the animal man; not to be conscious of a midriff; to hold kidneys to be an agreeable fiction; to account the circulation of the blood an idle whim of Harvey's; to acknowledge no mechanism not visible. For, once fix the seat of your disorder, and your fancies flow into it like bad humors. Above all, take exercise, and avoid tampering with the hard terms of art. Desks are not deadly. It is the mind, and not the limbs, that taints by long sitting. Think of the patience of the tailors; think how long the Lord Chancellor sits; think of the brooding hen."

☞ He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE STILL BREATHING—PORTUGUESE DIFFICULTY UNSETTLED, &c., &c.

The America brings Liverpool dates to the 23rd.

A few intelligible words are reported to have been received at Valencia over the Atlantic cable.

The London Times continued to attack Commissioner Reed for his part in the Chinese negotiations, characterizing him as the catspaw of Russia. The Times eulogizes the diplomacy of the Russian Minister, and says the treaty he obtained deserves to be ranked among the highest order of diplomatic papers.

Queen Victoria and the Court had arrived at Windsor from Balmoral.

It had been finally agreed, with the consent of four-fifths of the stockholders of the Great Eastern, that the Company should be dissolved, and that the cost of building and launching the ship (£640,000) should in the new company be reduced one-half.

The Bank of England continues to abstain from reducing the rate of discount, notwithstanding the great ease in the Money Market. Loans on the Stock Exchange were obtainable on Government security, at one per cent. In the Discount Market the minimum rate was two per cent.

LONDON, Saturday Morning, October 23.—The Daily News, referring to the Bank return, observes that a decrease of more than half a million in reserve, and of nearly a quarter of a million in coin and bullion, sufficiently accounts for the maintenance of the Bank rate of discount.

The Morning Post understands that the Channel fleet has been ordered to Lisbon.

The Greek Christians in Bosnia, who have been committing terrible outrages on the Mussulman population, have the belief that they will be supported by France and Russia in the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire and the formation of a Greek Constantinopolitan State.

The reported massacre of the French Consul at Tetuan proves to be wholly untrue.

FRANCE.—The Constitutionnel says that the outr'd barriers of Paris will shortly be extended to the fortifications.

The French and Portuguese difficulty, in regard to the ship Charles George, remains in statu quo.

The French ship-of-war Coligny had arrived in the Tagus, with the French Attache on board, but no definite arrangement has been come to.

PARIS, Friday.—There are reports that Portugal is not disposed to concede the demands of France.

Two more French men-of-war have arrived in the Tagus.

Considerable modifications in the recent stringent passport rules were being made. The Minister of the Interior had sent orders to the frontiers and seaport towns for the authorities to consider passports henceforth as a title to aid, and not a cause for delays and annoyances.

The Paris journals reiterate the report of an extensive insurrection in Servia, and intimate that Austria is disposed to intervene for the interests of Europe.

SPAIN.—Several ships had sailed with troops for the West Indies.

Several Madrid journals had been seized and fined for political articles against O'Donnell.

The Spanish auxiliary force formed at the Philippine Islands to assist the French expedition against Cochin China is composed of 1,500 Tagals.

ITALY.—The oil crop about Tuscany and Lucca is said to have proved a failure, the worm appearing just as the olives ripened.

RUSSIA.—The Russian possessions on the Amoor river are being rapidly developed to accommodate the expected trade with China, under the new treaty. The Government engineers propose the construction of a railway from the Gulf of Castries to a contingent bend of the Amoor river.

INDIA.—Letters from Bombay to the 24th of September state that operations are being carried on without flagging against the scattered rebels. The strength of the rebels in Oude and the adjacent districts is 70,000 men, with 56 guns. It is said that nine columns are to be organized at Lucknow, to traverse the country in all direction, and operate against the rebels.

The London Times correspondent thinks that from thirty eight to forty thousand Sepoys have been killed or executed, and adding the casualties by sickness, wounds and want, that not more than twenty per cent. of the original Bengal army is in existence, not including the disarmed regiments.

It is said that there is to be an amnesty declared on the proclamation of the Queen's authority.

PRUSSIA.—The Prussian Chambers were opened on the 20th, by the Prince of Prussia. The Regent on the following day sent in a message, requesting the Chamber to acknowledge the Regency.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.—Friday, P. M.—Cotton market closed dull, at a decline of ⅛d.

BREADSTUFFS.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co.'s Circular reports the Flour market firm for choice brands but very dull for other kinds. Wheat firm for the best, but dull for inferior qualities; red is quoted at 5s 2d@6s 6d; white at 6s 3d@6s 6d; and Southern at 7s 3d. Corn closed very dull and the quotations are nominal; yellow, 31s@33s; white, 33s@34s.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, Friday, P. M.—The Bullion in the Bank of England has decreased £200,000. Money is abundant and prices easy.

THREE DAYS LATER.

The Circassia, from Galway, arrived at St. John's on the evening of the 5th—bringing dates to the 26th.

The British war steamer Gorgon arrived at Plymouth on the 22nd from Halifax and Fayal. The Gorgon took soundings for another line of Atlantic Telegraph from the Banks of Newfoundland to the entrance of the English Channel, via Fayal.

The Daily News says the North Atlantic Steam Company (Galway line) received by the City of Washington applications from America for £50,000 stock, which, added to the subscriptions already made, exceeds the required capital.

The British Board of Trade returns for the year ending September 30th, show a decrease in exports during the last nine months, of over £9,400,000.

The Submarine Telegraph between Dover and Calais had ceased working, and was believed to be broken; communication between the two countries was kept up via Ostend.

FRANCE.—The Portuguese Government yields the Charles et Georges to France, declaring that it yields only to the threatened employment of force. The Paris Patrie says that Portugal yielded not from fear, but wisdom.

PRUSSIA.—The first Chamber rejected by a vote of 80 to 76, a proposition to send an address to the King and Prince Regent.

The Prussian Chambers unanimously affirmed the necessity of the Regency.

TURKEY.—The American frigate Wabash arrived at Constantinople on the 11th. A letter says that as America is not included in the treaty, the Wabash has been allowed to come up although she far exceeds the size of vessels allowed to pass the Dardanelles; she took out twenty of her guns however, so that only thirty showed in the port holes, which is nine more than the treaty allows.

Affairs in Servia were looking very serious. The town people were in arms.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—The steamship Eastern City was destroyed by fire at sea, on the 24th of August. All on board were saved, except one engineer and one passenger, by the ship Merchantman, arrived at Cape Town.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 25, noon.—Cotton has declined 1-16@⅛d ₱ lb since the departure of the America. The sales to-day are estimated at 4000 bales. The tendency is still downward.

BREADSTUFFS.—Messrs. Bigland, Aytha & Co., report Flour dull, but rates unchanged. Wheat steady and quiet at the prices per America. Corn has experienced a slight decline on all qualities.—The market is quite dull.

The Provision market is dull but steady. Lard heavy, and no sales reported.

Sugar market firm. Coffee quiet, but without alteration in rates. Rice heavy. Rosin dull at 3s 10d@3s 11d for common. Spirits Turpentine firm at 39s 6d@40s.

LONDON, Oct. 25, P. M.—Wheat is dull but steady. Sugar firm. Coffee firm. Tea firm; Congou quoted at 10¼d. Rice and Tallow dull.

LONDON, Oct. 26, noon.—Consols are 98⅛@98⅜ for money and account.

FIVE DAYS LATER FROM CALIFORNIA—BY THE OVERLAND MAIL TO ST. LOUIS—ARRIVAL OCT OF THE FIRST MAIL—THE EVENT CELEBRATED—MINERS RETURNING FROM FRAZER RIVER—FIRE AT JAMESTOWN.—ST. LOUIS, Nov. 6.—The Overland Mail from San Francisco has arrived, bringing the Alta Californian of that city of the 11th ult., from which the following summary of news is gleaned, including all that has occurred of importance since the sailing of the steamer of the 5th ult.:

The first overland mail from St. Louis reached San Francisco on the morning of the 10th ult., quited unexpectedly, being then only 24 days out. Arrangements were being made to properly celebrate the event.

A telegraphic despatch had been received at San Francisco by the new line to the summit of the Sierra Nevada.

The steamer Cortez sailed for Victoria on the 9th inst. with only 20 passengers. Steamers were daily returning to San Francisco, loaded down with the disheartened miners, who have been disappointed in their expectations of rich yields of gold from Frazer river.

The total amount of gold dust from Frazer River deposited at the San Francisco Mint, to the 1st of October, was $57,000.

On the night of the 6th ult. a fire occurred at Jamestown, which destroyed 27 houses and stores, causing a loss of $250,000.

Business generally at San Francisco, since the sailing of the steamer, had been quiet, but the demand from the country for goods and provisions was full.

ANOTHER TERRIBLE MURDER IN CINCINNATI.—Another deed of blood—exhibiting a terrible commentary on the increasing depravity of "fast young men" occurred in Cincinnati on Saturday night. It appears that Charles Cook, son of the senior of the firm of Cook, Adams & Co., lumber dealers; Wm. Seiter, son of Geo. Seiter, baker, and Wm. Swift, son of one of the firm of Pendleton, Swift & Co., dry goods merchants, visited a house of questionable repute, kept by Caroline Watts alias Davis. Here one of them got into a dispute with Kate Bearean, who was knocked down and terribly beaten, and finally received a stab from a knife in the side. A minute after, says the Gazette, one of the girls of the house bent over Kate, and told her she could not live, and advised her to pray. The sin stained courtezan, in that hour of blood, could realize the necessity of prayer—of asking forgiveness for the manifold transgressions of her erring sister, whose spirit was rapidly passing to its final account! And the victim of "the liberty of the knife" *did* pray—while the gaping wound in her side gave utterance to a breathing sound with every word that was uttered! She prayed for herself, for her husband and child, (who reside in New Orleans,) and sank into the arms of death with the prayer still upon her lips. What a scene!

The three young men were immediately arrested, but as Swift did not actively participate in the murder, he was released in $5,000 bail for a further hearing. The Coroner's jury rendered a verdict against Cook, as the principal in the murder, and Seiter as an accessary. The deceased was about 26 years of age, and of great personal attractions. The Gazette adds:

Cook, the alleged murderer, is, perhaps, 20 years of age, and is the son of a wealthy citizen. Of late years he has been regarded as a pretty wild boy, and some time since his father gave him $700, with which to go to California. He went to New York for that purpose, but the vessel upon which he took passage met with some slight accident when a few hours out and returned to port. Cook then concluded to give up his trip to California, and returned to his home in this city. The parents of the young men are in the deepest distress, and the murder has created no little excitement.

COTTON CULTURE IN UTAH A FAILURE.—Since the year 1855 several efforts have been made to introduce the culture of cotton in this territory, the first at Fort Clara, on the Santa Clara river, upwards of 300 miles south of the Great Salt Lake City; but the result was not satisfactory. The present year, at the same place, more than twenty acres have been planted, one-half, or two-thirds of which is a failure. The cause is attributed to the lack of water, bad seed, and mineral in the soil. Other settlements have been formed on the Rio Virgin, where there have been planted this year about 400 acres, only 130 of which is considered a fair stand. At this colony the salt, saleratus, and other minerals, have been very destructive. This information is from one of the officers of the Deseret Agricultural Society, and the cotton culture, so far, in Utah, may be set down as a failure. In this connection I will state that the annual Agricultural and Mechanical Fair, for this territory, commences next Monday, October 4, in this city, which will prove an interesting feature, and from which I expect to glean some interesting items connected with the growth and progress of this territory.—*Utah Cor. St. Louis Rep.*

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.—The Supreme Court has decided the question between the Sunbury and Erie Railroad Company and the Canal Commissioners, (in which was involved the constitutionality of the act of the Legislature authorizing the sale of the State Works,) in favor of the Railroad Company. This is an important decision, and affects several very prominent companies of this and neighboring States.

THE CINCINNATI HOG MARKET.—CINCINNATI, Nov. 6.—The market for hogs is active, and prices have advanced to $6 for December delivery. Those buying are chiefly farmers and drovers from the interior. Louisville dealers are also buying, but Eastern men are not. The city packers are acting cautiously. The season has fully opened, and several houses have commenced to sell in their pens. The weather is cool.

☞ Solitary thought corrodes the mind, if it be not blended with social activity; and social activity produces a restless craving for excitement, if it be not blended with solitary thought.

☞ A Chinaman stepped into a jewelry store in San Francisco, and inquired if they had any "consistencies?" On being asked to explain himself, he didn't know what consistency was, but had been told it was a jewel.

☞ Howard Paul, in "Patchwork," relates that he was once invited to a sewing party. The next day a friend asked him how the entertainment came off. "Oh it was very amusing," replied Howard, "the ladies hemmed, and I hawed."

☞ They also serve who only stand and wait.—*Milton.*

☞ Great mental endowments do not suppose the absence of bad passions.

☞ They only have lived long who have lived virtuously.—*Sheridan.*

THE ELECTIONS.

NEW YORK.—There were three candidates for Governor—Republican, Democratic and American. The Republican candidate (Morgan) has been elected by about 15,000 plurality. The Congressional delegation, according to the present footings, will stand 27 Opposition, 4 Democrats and 2 Anti-Lecompton Democrats. As to the election of J. B. Haskin, one of the latter, there is however still great doubt.

In the Assembly, the Opposition will also have a large majority, probably 100 to 28. The Senate holds over for another year.

NEW JERSEY.—The Opposition (Anti-Lecompton fusion) have elected all their candidates for Congress, which gives them a gain of two members. The new delegation will be as follows:—Nixon, Stratton and Pennington, American Republican; and Adrian and Riggs, Anti-Lecompton Democrat. The fusion majority is about 3,000.

In the Legislature there will be 13 Democrats in the Senate to 8 Opposition, and in the House 22 Democrats to 38 Opposition or, on joint ballot, 35 Democrats to 46 Opposition.

DELAWARE.—The Democrats have elected their Governor, Congressman, and a majority of the Legislature. The latter secures a Democratic United States Senator. The Democratic majority in the State is about 300.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Returns from all but fifteen towns give Banks 65,000; Beach 36,000; Lawrence 12,000. In round numbers the Senate will stand Democrats 3; Republicans 37; and the House of Representatives, Democrats 29; Republicans 192, no Americans. All the Republican Congressmen are elected.

ILLINOIS.—SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 6.—Returns from eighty-three counties have been received. If the vote of the remaining counties is not materially changed from that of 1856, there is a probability that the Douglas Democratic State ticket will be elected by a small majority.—The vote polled by the Administration Democrats was about 2,500. The Douglas Democrats will have a majority of three to five in each house of the Legislature, ensuring the return of Mr. D. as Senator.

Five Douglas Democrats and four Republicans are elected to Congress.

MICHIGAN.—The Republican State ticket, (Governor, &c.,) has from 6,000 to 10,000 majority. Howard (Repub.) for Congress in the First District is defeated by Cooper (Dem.) by 100 majority—a Republican loss. The result in the Fourth District is in doubt. In the other two Districts the Republican candidates are elected. There is about 20 Republican majority in the Legislature, insuring the return of a Republican U. S. Senator in place of Stewart (Anti-Lecompton Dem.)

WISCONSIN.—The returns *so far are* favorable to the election of Messrs. Potter and Washburne to Congress, both Republicans, and the Republican State ticket—Larrabee (Dem.) is thought to be elected in the Third District.

OHIO.—The official returns of the recent State election, show the average majority for the Republican ticket to be 20,966.

AN OHIOAN TRYING TO SELL A DIAMOND—HISTORY OF HIS TRAVELS.—The Bucyrus Journal relates the story of a farmer, residing on the Broken Sword, in that county, who found one day a beautiful specimen of quartz rock, which had all the appearance of a diamond. He took it to a jeweller in Bucyrus, who, by way of a joke, told him it was a diamond, and offered him ten thousand dollars for it. The farmer supposed it was worth more money; he had read of the Koh i noor, which is prized at millions, and refused. He took it to Pittsburg, and a noted jeweller there, told him that he did not know how much it was worth, but no house in the city was able to purchase it. This completed his infatuation. He took it to other jewellers, who pronounced it no diamond. He also took it to Philadelphia and New York. The Journal thus describes his adventures in the latter city.

Confidently he walked into Ball, Black & Co.'s, the eminent jewellers, and demanded an interview with the proprietors. It was granted, and our friend was ushered into a private room, when he coolly turned the key in the door, and to the infinite surprise of Messrs. Ball, Black & Co., informed them that he had in his pocket untold wealth. Messrs. Ball, Black & Co. congratulated him, and politely requested him to inform them what earthly interest that fact could be to them. He answered nothing, but slowly drew from the breast pocket of his vest the stone, and asked how much it was worth. Messrs. Ball, Black & Co. answered that in a country where stone was scarce, it would be worth so much a perch, they had really forgotten the exact sum, but if it would be any accommodation they would send and inquire, and wound up by asking what his business was with them.

"Business!" he gasped, "why, to sell this diamond."

They told him they had no desire to invest in that peculiar style of diamonds, and without attempting to conceal their merriment, bowed him out. At Tiffany's and all the other leading houses in that line of trade, he met with the same success, and finally determined that the jewellers of New York, as well as those of Pittsburg and Philadelphia, were in league to swindle him out of the diamond, and so he determined to go to Europe with it, and among the brokers of London and Paris find a market for it. But fortunately, just as he was on the point of embarking, he met with a merchant from Bucyrus, who knew him, and who used all his influence to dissuade him from the trip. He finally succeeded in inducing him to forego his European tour, for the time being, at least, and brought him to his family. He still believes the stone to be a diamond, and will, no doubt, start soon upon another wild-goose chase to dispose of it.

THE HERMITAGE.—A gentleman who has just visited the Hermitage, the residence of Gen. Jackson, thus writes of what he saw there:

"Prominent among the curiosities was a wooden pitcher. It was made of wood from the elm tree under which William Penn made the celebrated Indian treaty. The pitcher was made and presented by the coopers of Philadelphia, and although it is not larger than a common cream-jug, it contains 750 staves.—The hoops, lip and handle are silver; the bottom is a magnifying-glass, by looking through which one is enabled to see the joints, which are not visible to the naked eye. We will next notice 'Old Hickory.' This is a double cup—that is, two cups with one bottom, so that when one is turned up the other is turned down. It is, as its name implies, of hickory, and, what is more singular about it, has a natural handle. It is simply a block about one foot in length, with both ends hollowing, and was cut on Long Island from a hickory sprout, the parent stem of which was severed by a cannon ball in the war of the Revolution.

"The next things we will mention are a calumet of stone presented by some Indian chief; a bayonet, with a large root growth around it, found near the battle ground below New Orleans: the cup and saucer out of which Gen. Washington drank his last tea, and a small piece of candle found in the tent of Lord Cornwallis, when he surrendered to Gen. Washington, and closed the Revolutionary struggle.—The last-named article was given to Gen. Jackson with the request that he would light in on each Fourth of July. Mrs. Jackson remarked that they had failed to do this for several years owing to its shortness."

HORRIBLE.—A gentleman, who witnessed the fight between Morrissey and Heenan, says that no powerful was one of the blows dealt by Heenan, that the face of a watch held in the hand of another person, who was "timing" them at a distance of ten feet, was sprinkled with Morrissey's blood. A nice sport this for respectable men to encourage and countenance.

NEWS ITEMS.

A SUIT TO RECOVER WEDDING "FIXINGS."—At Detroit, a young man named Henry Lewis has commenced a suit against a young lady, named Mary Ann West, to recover some $70 worth of wedding "fixings" which he bought for her recently. She don't want to marry him, and he is bound to lose no money by the operation. He alleges they are his, having been obtained by her without consideration. Per contra, she declares that they are all "hers," and has replevined them. And thus the matter stands at present.

FIRE AT THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.—The large barns and sheds formerly connected with the Fabyan House at Mount Washington, N. H., were entirely consumed by fire on the night of the 18th of October. The barns were filled with hay. The hotel was burnt about two years since. These buildings mark the spot (as tradition has it) upon which an Indian was seen with a flaming torch in his hand, and heard loudly proclaiming, "No white man shall ever take *deep* root here."

NOVEL APPLICATION OF ARTILLERY.—A road contractor in France, near the Pyrenees, having lately found the process of blasting an overhanging rock rather difficult, and a mortar battery of the 10th Regiment happening to be passing along, he telegraphed to Paris for leave to open fire upon a crag seventy yards above the road, over which it impended. A few rounds of ten-inch shell soon brought the entire mass to fragments. About ten minutes served for the operation.

THE Washington Union, speaking by authority, says the policy of the United States is not to acquire Central America, or any part of it, but to open the Isthmus routes and leave them free to all the world. Meanwhile it is but fair to claim that the covenants made with our people shall be enforced. Not only has Costa Rica made ample apology, but had received Gen. Lamar with great cordiality, and invited him to attend the Convention of American States about to be held, with the view to effect a confederation thereof.

NICE.—Ten boxes of grapes from the vineyards of Los Angeles, California, were received at the Astor House, N. Y., by the last steamer. They are in perfect order, and in large clusters, and of a rich purple color and very luscious.—As a table grape, they are not inferior to any grape of foreign growth.

A PIECE of petrified wood, with a screw perfectly formed in it, was recently found one hundred and fifty feet beneath the surface of the earth, near Panola, Mississippi. It was embedded in what appeared to have been a block of hickory wood, twelve or fifteen inches square.

PIKE'S PEAK GOLD.—A citizen of St. Louis, just returned from Pike's Peak, has left at the office of the Republican a specimen of peculiar dark-colored sandstone, in which very minute particles of gold thickly abound. The stone is so soft it may be crushed easily, by compression of the fingers, making the work of extracting the gold a very simple and easy process.

NEGRO DOCTOR.—The latest Paris sensation is a negro doctor. He lives sumptuously, drives an ostentatious equipage, has pages in waiting at his magnificent rooms, and is *en prince* in his *menage*, and business arrangements. He mingles necromancy with physic, and prepares his own medicines. He is beset by patients in the highest walks of life—dukes, marquises, and affluent commoners throng his ante-chambers.

A NOTEL SUIT.—A merchant was sued a few days since, at Machias, Me., for $16, which he had promised to contribute towards the support of a clergyman, on the express condition that the said minister should not introduce politics in the pulpit. Conceiving that the preacher had violated this compact, the merchant refused to pay, and hence the suit. The jury, however, could not agree.

FRUIT STOLEN—HOW TO RECOVER IT.—While the fruit, peach, nectarine, or apricot is yet in a green state, affix an adhesive *label*, your initial or any other private mark, to the side exposed to the sun. The *ripe fruit* thus labeled will carry its unobliterated *green* stamp into any market. This simple operation, if it should fail to *preserve* the fruit, will, unless it shall have been subjected to any coloring process, at least enable the owner to *identify it*.—*English Paper.*

Those who have read Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition will be pleased to learn from his faithful guide, Hans, the Esquimaux, who left the Doctor mysteriously, to look after a fair maiden among the natives. Capt. F. L. McClintock, of Lady Franklin's Arctic Expedition, in a letter recently received, mentions a meeting with Peterson and the Arctic Highlanders, at Cape York. "Poor Hans," says the Captain, "is up at Whale Sound, married, but childless, and unhappy because he couldn't return to Greenland."

EMIGRANTS FOR NORTHERN IOWA.—The Dubuque Express says that, for the last six weeks, an average of fifteen emigrant wagons per day have passed through that city for the interior, each family numbering some half-dozen persons. Most of these emigrants are purchasing second-hand land, and have their choice of the best at their leisure. Emigration in this direction has been large and steady through the season.

GEORGIA.—The message of the Governor is a very long document. It is ultra anti-bank, and recommends the prohibition of the circulation of bills under ten or twenty dollars. It also advises the adoption of a State subtreasury, and is devoted exclusively to State affairs.

SUCH are the facilities in Indiana for obtaining a divorce, that the Indianapolis Journal says there are full a thousand cases now before the courts, four fifths of which are from out of the State. State legislative action on the subject will be taken at the next session of the Legislature.

IMMENSE CORN-CROP IN KENTUCKY.—The Louisville Journal says that the corn-crop has never been so large in Kentucky as the present crop promises to be. It states that there are fields in the blue grass region estimated at 175 bushels to the acre, while fields promising 75 to 80 bushels are quite common.

A WESTERN railroad organization is being formed in which all the Western railroads propose a union, and the appointment of three railroad commissioners to regulate the charges on through freights and passengers on all the Western roads. A Pittsburg paper says this movement is to emancipate the interior towns and cities from the control of the large Eastern cities, exercised injuriously through the discriminations now made against the interior towns upon the railroads owned by Eastern cities, and for the benefit of Eastern trade.

SINGULAR STORY.—The Court Journal has the following interesting story:—"A prima donna of the Royal Italian Opera who has lately risen to great fame and acquired a first-rate position on those boards, has just been claimed as his daughter by one of the highest functionaries of the country. The claimant is possessed of rank, wealth, and influence, and though it was well known in the young lady's family that the great man in question was in reality her father, yet no notice of the connection was taken by him until her successful *debut* caused him to feel a pride in his offspring. His anti-musical tastes had prevented him following her through her musical education, and he was therefore as much surprised as delighted at her success. He has just made her an official offer of recognition and formal adoption, with the bestowal of his name and wealth, in addition to the advantage of the magnificent position to which he would raise her. But she has surprised him still more by the manner of her refusal. 'My father refused to recognize me while I was in poverty and obscurity; now that I am celebrated and rich, I refuse to recognize him. Let us be strangers to each other.'"

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY.—A MAN SMOTHERED IN A CHIMNEY—AND A WOMAN DROWNED.—One evening last week, about 8 o'clock, the neighborhood of Fourth and Shippen streets was thrown into a state of great excitement by the news that a man was lodged in the chimney flue of a house in Shippen street, below Fourth, occupied by Jane Bell. From all the facts to be gleaned by us, it appears that Richard Dillon, a young man of about twenty-two years of age, has, for a long time, been keeping company with a female named Lizzie Hackert, who resided at the above house. Latterly, some estrangement between the parties took place, and Dillon was deserted for another man. This caused him to entertain bitter feelings towards her, but no violence was apprehended from him until yesterday, when, after indulging pretty freely in liquor, he entered the house about seven o'clock, and inquired for his former companion. He was informed by the inmates that she was out—which was the truth. Not believing this, he became excited and made his way to the third-story room, which is appropriated to the use of Miss Hackert. Finding the door locked, and receiving no answer to his repeated demands for admission, he clambered up the ladder leading to the loft, and from thence to the roof. He then managed to work his body into the flue of the chimney, evidently with the intention of thus effecting an entrance into the third-story room. But, as might be expected in a small three-story house, the flue was too contracted to allow of a free passage, and he soon became fast. His cries soon attracted the attention of the inmates, as well as of passers by, and every means were then used to extricate the unfortunate man from his disagreeable position. Ropes were lowered from the top, but his body being in such a posture, he was unable to take advantage of the assistance thus at hand. Finally, a hole was cut in the wall on the stairway, and Dillon was dragged out in an insensible condition. Every exertion was made to resuscitate him, but to no purpose, and after drawing one or two breaths, he expired. A young man, who was in the company of the deceased during the afternoon, stated that he then made threats to settle his difficulties with Miss Hackert, and purchased a short, black club, but whether to use on the girl in question he did not say. The deceased was a plasterer by trade, but of late has been engaged in peddling oysters. He resided with his mother, in Carpenter street, below Fifth.

There remains to be added another chapter to these annals of degradation and death. Dillon had *another paramour*, whose love for him appears to have been a genuine emotion. She was a poor, degraded creature, living in Pine alley, and passing by the name of Ann Smith. Dillon had often abused the poor wretch, and a few nights before his death had purchased a loaded bludgeon in order to take her life. The girl heard of these threats and resolved to anticipate the event by self destruction. She had previously given away most of her clothing and ornaments, and, on the night when the tidings of Dillon's death were brought to her, she went out and was not again beheld alive. The next morning, her dead body was found in the river, between Lombard and South streets. The Coroner went to the spot, accompanied by several reporters, about which a crowd of perhaps five hundred people had already gathered. The dead cart came soon after, the dripping body was laid in it, and the vehicle was driven off to a house near by, where an inquest was held. The testimony was brief and to the point as we have given it.

NOT IN THE BILLS.—The Baltimore Dispatch recounts a scene which occurred at the Holliday Street Theatre, a few evenings since, which was not in the bills, and which, however mortifying it may have been to the young lady concerned, provoked the risibilities of those who witnessed it to an irrepressible degree:—

"A fine looking young woman in more than the usual amplitude of crinoline, entered with her beau, and was making her way through the already well-filled seats to the front row of the dress circle, where places had been reserved for them. To do so with all the bold freedom of feminine young America, she stepped upon the seats, when, unfortunately, her hoop, or rather the lower hoop of her skeleton skirts, caught upon the back of one of the seats as she swept by, and the fastening about the waist parting, the whole concern came down 'by the run, and as she stepped forward and out of it, was left hanging in full view upon the seat.—The change was astonishing; the full blown belle at one moment, the next looked like a lamp-post with a silk dress tied around it.—For a moment also the young lady was quite unconscious of the accident. In another she saw the full extent of it, and blushing crimson, sank into her seat, and for the next half-hour had undoubtedly the most brilliant complexion in the audience."

A STRICT TEMPERANCE MAN.—We were accosted the other evening, says the editor of a Boston paper, by a gentlemanly looking man, evidently balancing a clever sized brick in his castor.

"I say, mis-mister, will you be kind enough to tell me the way to Broadway?"

"No Broadway here, sir; this is not New York."

"Oh! ah! yes, that's a fact. Well, I beg your pardon—your pardon; show me to Fourth street—Mil—Miller's Hotel."

"Now you're in Philadelphia, old boy. Wrong again."

"Ha! ha! well, *I'm darn'd confused*, that's a fact. *All right.* Please to tell me who—whether it's left or right I take to Holliday street?"

"That's a street that ain't got this way yet. Perhaps you are thinking of the city of Baltimore?"

"Well, where the deuce am I, stranger, anyhow?"

We told him in Boston.

He jammed his fists into his pockets, after hitting his hat a smash, and stepped out, observing:

"Well, I'm darn'd if I follow this temperance caravan any longer."

A TURK PREVENTING PROSELYTISM TO MOHAMMEDANISM.—"A young Turk," says the Zeit of Berlin, "lately carried off a Catholic girl from Stolacz, and afterward brought her to Monastir, with the intention of marrying her as soon as she should have embraced Islamism. The girl had declared her readiness to do so, but the Turkish Governor, Vassif-Pasha, exacted that all the prescriptions indicated in such cases, should be fully executed, and that the girl should reside for three days in a Christian house, where her relations and the Catholic priests might have free access to her. After this delay, during which the young girl expressed her repentance for the resolution she had taken, Vassif-Pasha ordered that she should be restord to her family, and prohibited the young Turk from again interfering with her. This act of tolerance and justice on the part of the Pasha, has produced a favorable impression in the country."

"SIMON PURE."—In Nagler's Kunstler Lexicon is a whimsical error, concerning a living English artist, George Cruikshank. Some years ago the relative merits of himself and brother were contrasted in an English Review, and George was spoken of as "the real Simon Pure," the first who had illustrated scenes of "Life in London." Unaware of the real significance of a quotation which has become proverbial among us, the German editor begins his memoir of Cruikshank, by gravely informing us that he is an English artist, "whose real name is Simon Pure!" Turning to the artists under the letter P, we accordingly read "PURE (Simon), the real name of the celebrated caricaturist, George Cruikshank."

THE WRECK OF THE AUSTRIA.—Capt. Renaud, of the French bark Maurice, in his report of the rescue of sixty-seven of the passengers of the burning ship, says:—

"While I was lying to, effecting a salvage, (of passengers,) three vessels passed in sight. I distinguished their hulls, and consequently the captains of these ships must have clearly seen the duty I was fulfilling, and which was theirs likewise. But those gentlemen sailed away from the calamity, and did not reflect that their fellow men stood in need of their assistance. *I comfort myself with the hope that they were not Frenchmen.*"

It is believed that the ship Capt. Renaud refers to is the American ship Pepperell. In the foreign shipping news is the following paragraph:—

"The *Pepperell* has arrived at Bordeaux from New York. This vessel reports falling in, on the 14th of September, in lat. 45 deg. 32 min., long. 41 deg. 20 min., with a large steamer on fire, one ship lying by her. The *Pepperell* appears to have passed on her way."

An individual who could "pass on his way" unheeding the cries for assistance from five hundred human beings perishing by death in its most horrible forms, when he had the means of saving them all, must be as callous and insensible as a brute to the proper feelings of a man. Captains often do it however from fear of vitiating their insurance policies.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 126—Adults 64, and children 62.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market has been excessively dull during the past week, and there has been evidently more anxiety on the part of holders to realize. There has been but little export demand, and only 4000 bbls were disposed of at $5@5,12½ ₱ bbl for Superfine, closing with free sellers at the former quotations; $5,25@5,37½ for extra, and $5,50 up to 6 for extra family and fancy, according to quality. The sales to the trade have been limited within the range of these figures. Rye Flour has been but little inquired after, and prices have declined 25c ₱ bbl. Sales of 400 bbls at $4,12½@4,25. Corn Meal has declined 25c. Sales of 400 bbls Penna at $4, and a lot of Brandywine at $4,25.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat from all sources have fallen off this week. There has been some inquiry for prime lots, which are scarce, and for this description prices have somewhat improved, but inferior lots are unsaleable except at comparatively low prices. Sales of 12,000 bushels at $1,10@1,24 ₱ bus for inferior and prime Red, chiefly at $1,20@1,24 for the latter description, and $1,17 up to $1,30 for White, according to quality. Rye comes forward slowly. Sales of 2000 bushels at 75 cents for new up to 82@83c for old. Corn has been in moderate request, and 15,000 bushels have been disposed of at 80@81c for old yellow; 73@75c for mixed Western and inferior Pennsylvania; 60@68c for new yellow, according to dryness, and 63@65c for new white. Supplies of Oats have fallen off, and they are in good demand at rather better rates. Sales of 8000 bushels at 40½@43c for prime Delaware and Maryland, and 42½c for old and new mixed Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS have been very quiet. The receipts and stocks of all descriptions have been small, and prices remain without change. Sales of Mess Pork at $17,25@17,75 ₱ bbl, and Prime at $15. City Packed Mess Beef sells only for ship's stores at $16@16,50. 1000 tcs India Beef sold for another market on terms kept private, and a lot of Beef Hams at $18. In Dried Beef no change. Bacon—There has been some inquiry from the South, but otherwise the demand has been quite limited, with small stocks, however, and very limited receipts, holders have been enabled to realize rather better prices. Sales in lots at 10½@12½c for plain and fancy canvassed Hams; 9½@9¾c for Sides, and 7½@7¾c for Shoulders. Green Salted Meats—There is but little here in which to operate. In the absence of sales we quote Hams at 5c, and Sides at 7½@8c; a lot of Shoulders sold at 6½@6¾c, cash and 60 days.—Lard comes forward slowly, and the stock is light, but there is very little demand for it. Sales of bbls at 11c and kegs at 12c ₱ lb, cash and short time. Butter—There is a fair inquiry for Roll at 17@20c ₱ lb, but solid packed sells slowly at 12½@14c ₱ lb. Goshen commands 22½@23c.—Eggs have advanced to 22c. Cheese commands 9½c.

COTTON—*Supplies have been coming forward* quite freely, and the market being dull, prices have been unsettled and are lower. Sales of 800 bales Uplands at 12@12¾c ₱ lb, cash, for middling and middling fair quality.

BARK continues to meet a very limited inquiry, but without change in price. Sales of 120 hhds No 1 Quercitron at $30, and 100 bags do at $25 ₱ ton; and a cargo of Chestnut at 11 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX is in demand, and there is very little offering. Sales of good yellow at 32c ₱ lb, cash.

COAL—Supplies continue to come forward freely. There is more demand for the supply of Eastern markets, but the recent advance in freights has restricted shipments. Prices, however, continue without change.

COPPER is dull, and the sales have been unimportant.

COFFEE—The stock has been increased by the arrival of an invoice of 1583 bags Laguayra. The demand is fair, and prices firm. A cargo of 4406 bags Rio sold a day or two since at 11¼c ₱ lb on time; 500 do since in lots at 11¼@11¾c; and 100 Laguayra at 12c.

FEATHERS continue to come forward slowly—sales of 2000 lbs Western at 55c ₱ lb, cash.

FRUIT—Green Apples command $2,50@4,50 ₱ bbl. Dried Apples are dull at 7¼@7¾c ₱ lb. Unpared Peaches sell slowly at 10@12½c. Cranberries range from $11 to $12,50 ₱ bbl.

HEMP—There have been no sales and no change to notice in prices.

HIDES are quiet. An import of 5800 Laguayra and Porto Cabello has arrived, part of which has been disposed of at about 21c ₱ lb, on time.

HOPS continue exceedingly dull, and are nominally held at 15@17c ₱ lb for new Eastern and Western, and 5@10c for old crop.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal has been quite active, and prices are firmer. Sales of 3500 tons Anthracite in lots at $21, 20, and 19 ₱ ton, cash, for the three Nos, including some Forge at the latter quotation. No sales of Scotch Pig, and prices are nominal. Small lots of Blooms sold at $62@65 ₱ ton, 6 months. For Bar and Boiler Iron the demand has been limited, but without change in prices.

LEAD is held with increased firmness, and there is very little stock here to operate in.

LEATHER—There is a good demand for prime qualities of Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather at full prices, but for inferior descriptions there is little or no inquiry.

LUMBER—There is but little demand for any description. A cargo of Laths on terms kept private. Sap Boards are very dull at $12@14 ₱ M feet.

MOLASSES—There is very little coming forward, and the market is dull. Small sales of Cuba Muscovado at 28c, and Porto Rico at 34c, on time.

SUGAR—The market has been steady but very inactive this week, and only about 600 hhds have changed hands, partly taken for refining, at 6¼@6¾c for Cuba, and 7¼c for Porto Rico, on time.—Refined Sugars are ¼@½c lower.

SEEDS—There has been a good demand for Cloverseed, and further sales of 4500 bushels good and prime were made at $5,75@5,87½ ₱ 64 lbs, including 800 bushels recleaned at $6@6,12½, and some inferior old at $5,25. Timothy sells, on arrival, at $2,11½ ₱ bushel. For Red Top prices are nominal.

SPIRITS—Domestic Brandy and Gin are in moderate request.

PHILADELPHIA AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY—WILD RICE—SORGHUM ADVOCATED, AND DENOUNCED BY HIGH AUTHORITY—OLD TIME FARMING RECOMMENDED.—The regular stated meeting of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society was held on Wednesday morning, at the rooms, in Chestnut street, below Seventh.

After the transaction of some unimportant business, the Secretary, Dr. A. L. Kennedy, presented a specimen of wild or Indian rice, which he had received from the Patent Office. The seeds were brought from Wisconsin, where this species of rice grows wild on the banks of the rivers, in wet marshy ground, and is gathered by the Indians in boats and canoes. It was said that the plant grows spontaneously in Minnesota and Wisconsin without cultivation. It is indigenous to those regions, but is susceptible of being raised profitably here, if planted in suitable ground. This variety of rice is represented as being equal to that of the Carolinas. It is an aquatic plant, and should be grown where the land is inundated almost constantly, thus rendering of value a large area of land, which is now comparatively worthless.

Several of the members, who owned land suitable for the growth of this rice, took small portions of it, with the intention of planting it this fall.

A circular was received from the Patent Office, favorable to the formation of a National Arboretum, to be composed exclusively of American forest and fruit trees and shrubbery, to be located in Washington City. The communication requested contributions of trees and shrubs, and the stones and seeds of trees and shrubs.

Mr. Sidney G. Fisher suggested the propriety of a more general cultivation of the Chinese sugar cane, as he had understood it was valuable for feeding and fattening hogs and other stock. He spoke also of the necessity of manuring the land more generally than is now done, except in the vicinity of the cities, where manure was easily obtained; but fifty or one hundred miles from cities, the land was rapidly being exhausted, owing to the impoverishment of the soil, in consequence of the want of proper manuring. He opposed the use of the numerous concentrated fertilizers, and approved of the plan of raising crops expressly for feeding stock, as by keeping a large number of cattle, the amount of manure for the use of the farm would be increased, and the quality of the land improved. He favored the raising of Chinese sugar cane, turnips, clover, &c., for this object.

Dr. Emerson approved of the suggestion of Mr. Fisher, and spoke of Lucerne, a species of grass which grows in Belgium and France, which is well adapted for feeding stock. He saw a field of this grass near Camden, Delaware, which had looked fresh and green during the whole of the long drought which had prevailed the past summer. This grass can be cut three or four times a year, and is highly nutritious for cattle, who eat it with avidity.

After some discussion as to the best mode of sowing Lucerne, in which various opinions were expressed, Mr. Gowen said he had cultivated Lucerne for ten or twelve years, and recommended it highly. He had sown it broadcast, mixed lightly with oats. He then passed to the question of the Chinese sugar cane, and was opposed to its cultivation, as it was not to be compared with corn for feeding stock, as the cattle soon became sickened with it, and would not eat it regularly when they could get corn or turnips. Beside, it was unprofitable to cultivate it for making sugar or molasses, when sugar could be bought for 8 and 9 cents per pound, and molasses for 30 cents a gallon. A farmer could get more sugar from one maple tree, or from beet roots, with a tithe of the labor, than he could by growing the cane and making the sugar for his family. He was very severe upon the departure of our farmers from the old traditional mode of farming, which was the result of practical experience, for new-fangled theories, which resulted in loss and injury to those who followed them. There was more substance and stamina in corn, by far, than there was in the sorghum or sugar cane, and he recommended to the members the old-fashioned mode of farming by raising corn for feeding stock, as the fodder from it was more valuable than that of the sugar cane.

Mr. Wetherill, from Massachusetts, said that the testimony of the farmers of that State was unanimous against the expediency of raising the Chinese sugar cane as an article for feeding cattle or for making sugar. One of the most extensive growers of the cane in this State had confessed that the cultivation of the cane was an unprofitable branch of agriculture. Many farmers did it from a feeling of pride in raising their own sugar and molasses, but every pound of sugar and gallon of molasses cost more to make it than it could be bought for elsewhere. He strongly suspected the genuineness of some specimens of granulated sugar, professedly from the sugar cane, which had been exhibited at the agricultural fairs of Massachusetts. The enthusiasm had been got up by speculators for private purposes; and, having accomplished their ends, the excitement had died away, and at no agricultural exhibitions he had attended this season, had he seen specimens of the sugar cane.

The debate was a very interesting one, and was prolonged till the adjournment.

REFUSING A JUROR AS SECURITY.—*A few days ago*, a man who had been bound over on a serious charge of assault and battery, offered as his bail a very rough looking customer, whom he introduced as "Judge Barnes, of Delaware county." The following dialogue will explain matters:

"Well, Mr. Murphy, you say you wish to give bail; pray, who is your man?"

"Judge Barnes, of Delaware county."

"And who is Judge Barnes, of Delaware county?"

"As respectable a man, sir, as you'll find north of Mason & Dixon's line."

"Is there any one here who knows him?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. Wilson."

"Mr. Wilson, do you know Judge Barnes, of Delaware county?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is he?"

"A judge."

"Indeed! How long has he been upon the bench?"

"Some twenty-eight years."

"Possible? It is very singular that we have never heard of him. You are certain he is a judge?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you last see him act as such?"

"On Monday night, at O'Brien's cock pit, in Passayunk road."

"By judge, then, you mean that he decides chicken disputes?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you said that he had been twenty-two years on the bench. What do you expect me to understand by that?"

"That Mr. Barnes is a cordwainer, and has been a maker of brogans since 1834."

At the conclusion of this testimony, the magistrate came to the conclusion that "Judge Barnes, of Delaware," was not just the person to give vitality to a thousand dollar bail bond, and the prisoner was incontinently sent below. Queer places, these police courts!

WONDERFUL SWIMMING.—The Hawaiian (H. I.) Advertiser, says that on the 10th of August a schooner plying between the islands, with eight natives and three foreigners on board, upset. The natives picked up the foreigners, put them on the bottom of the vessel, and then started to swim to the nearest land—*fifteen miles distant*. They swam during the remainder of that night, through the following day and night, and on Thursday, six out of the eight landed on Niihau, an old man and a stripling having proved unequal to the task.

SINGULAR DOMESTIC ALIENATION.—There is a family residing near Cincinnati which presents an extraordinary case of domestic alienation. The husband and wife, though living in the same house, have not spoken a word to each other for twenty years! The difficulty grew out of an alleged infidelity on the part of the husband. A separation was not desired by either, but a coldness grew up between them, and this long silence has been the result. A favorite daughter has been the medium of communication between them. The husband readily supplies all the wants of the wife, and the wife privately provides the requisite comforts for the husband; they meet daily, but never speak! This alienation has now existed so long, that the twenty years' silence will probably never be broken. They are in excellent circumstances.

☞ A colored gentleman says Gen. Scott undergoes a metamorphosis every morning, because when he first rises he is General *Jes'* up.

☞ It is one of the worst errors to suppose that there is another path of safety besides that of duty.

☞ It is better to be of the number of those who need relief, than of those who want heart to give it.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856	"62	105 —
" " "62	113½ —	
" " "68	113½ —	
" 6 " coupon '74	104½ —	
Phila 6 pr ct, old	101	101
" " new	105	106
" 5 "	84	86
Pitts 6 pr ct	65	—
" 6 coupon	—	—
Allegy City 6 pr ct	54	—
" " County "	—	—
" R R issue	10	11½
" County 6 pr ct	—	—
Penn 6 pr ct	93½	94
" 5 " coupon	98	97
" " new	94	94½
Texas 6 pr ct	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	80½	82
Kentucky 6 pr ct	104½	—
Missouri 6 "	89	—
Ohio 6 " 1856	108½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	95	—
Virginia "	95½	—
Indiana & State 5 pr ct	89	—
Ga. State 7 pr ct	—	—
new bonds	90	—
N Y City 6 pr ct	110	—
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	143	—
Philadelphia	103½	116
Far & Mec	58½	60
Commercial	58	—
N Liberty	60	70
Mechanics	28½	29
Southwark	67	—
P Township	35	36
Kensington	64½	—
Girard	11½	11½
Western	67½	70
Man & Mech	27	28
Commerce	53	60
Tradesman's	90	—
City	45	50
Consolidation	25½	—
Commonwealth	23½	22
Corn Exchange	21½	22
Germantown	50	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	54	—
Exchange	52	—
Kentucky Ky.	117	118
Northern "	120	121½
Louisville "	109	110
Farmers "	120	125
Union, Nash, Tenn	98	99½
Planters "	104	106
N O Gas Light	124	—
Com & R Bank	—	—
Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	22½	23½
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	1	1
New Grenada	1	1
N America Ins'noe	13½	14
N Liberties Gas	23	—
Southwark & Frankford RR	56	58
Bonds	93	—
Penna 6 pr ct	92	—
1st mort bonds	102	—
2nd " "	90½	91
" stock	—	—
Interest off	42½	43
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1884	93½	—
" stock	118	—
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	81½	82
mort 6's '44	91½	92
" '52	72½	72½
" stock	25½	25½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	—	93
" stock	33½	34
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	32½	—
6 pr ct mas '60	101	—
Ches Val R R 7s	98	—
Tioga R R 7s	95	—
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	74	—
2d "	48½	50
stock	10½	10½
Catawissa	61	64
Beaver Meadow stock	58	58½
preferred 10 pr ct	28	—
North Penna R R stock	84	90
6 pr ct loan	60½	—
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock	55	—
6 pr ct loan	96	—
Minehill R R 6 pr ct loan	62	63
Har and Lan R R stock	56½	59
bonds '85	94	96
L. Schuylkill R R stock	25½	25½
Long Island R R stock	11½	12½
bonds	82	83
Erie R R stock	16½	—
Hudson River R R	52	—
N Y Central "	93½	—
Michigan Central	86½	—
Illinois "	87½	87½
Michigan Southern	24½	24½
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct conn '32	63½	63½
imp. 6 pr ct	69½	—
stock	9	9½
preferred	17	17½
Lehigh Nav stock	50	51½
mort 6 pr ct	85	93½
scrip "	50	51
Morris Conso'd	47½	48
preferred	108	110
Ches & Del bonds	35½	45
Union "	78	72
bonds	34	—
Sus & Tidewater	35	37
bonds 1878	—	95

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ℔	14	Leg, Loin, Chop ℔	10 a 20
Sirloin steak	16	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump "	12 a 16	Young Lamb, whole	3 a 5
Chuck pieces	8 a 11	Whole carcass	8 a 9
Plates and navels corned	5 a 10	*Veal.*	
Tongues, smoked	62 a 75	Fore quarter, ℔	8
Leg, each	31 a 37½	Hind "	10
Shin	20 a 25	Chop	12½
Kidney	2 a 12½	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ℔	5 a 9	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried Beef, ℔	14 a 16	*Pork.*	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1,75
Fore quarter	75 a 87½	Sausage fresh, ℔	10 a 12
Hind "	1,00 a 1,25	Feet, ℔ set	12½ a 25
Chop, ℔	10 a 12	Trips, ℔	4 a 6
Carver head, each	25 a 37	Lard "	10 a 12
		Hams, sliced	14 a 15
		Bologna sausages	16 a 20

VEGETABLES.

Onions ℔ rope	12	Carrots, dozen	10
Bermuda potatoes, ℔ basket	1,25	Do do, ℔ lb	6 a 8
Sweet potatoes ℔ bus	75 a 87½	Corn pot's, ℔ bus	75 a 1,00
Cabbages, ℔ head	3 a 6	Onions, bus	00
Squashes, ℔ basket	37½ a 62½	Egg p ants, each,	2 a 10
		Tomatoes, ℔ basket	50 a 62

FRUIT.

Apples, ℔ bbl	1,00	Apples ℔ bf pk	25 a 37

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens, ℔ pair	50 a 87	Pheasants	1,50
Chickens, ℔ pair	75 a 1,25	Partridges	50
Teal ℔ pair	62 a 1,00	Rail ℔ doz	25 a 37
Canvas-Backed	1,75	Chickens, ℔ lb	10 a 12½
		Sab Pig'on, pair	25 a 37
		Venison, ℔ lb	25

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecom) ℔ bbl	50 a 75	N Y do, ℔ bbl,	10,00 15,00
Do, ℔ M	16,00 a 20,00	Terrapins (Chesa'k Bel)	2,00 a 12,00
Morris River Cove, ℔ M	16,00 a 12,00	Lobsters, ℔	10

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, ℔	28 a 35	Bass Fish, ℔	12
Roll "	28 a 30	Salt do, ℔	11
Eggs, doz	18 a 20	Mackerel	10
Codfish	6 a 8	Sm'k'd Herring, bunch	6
Dry Cod	6 a 8	Sausage meat ℔ roll	12½
Halibut, ℔	12½		

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, November 6, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
Relief notes	¼ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Crawford	no sale	Solv bks	½ dis
NEW JERSEY.		ALABAMA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
DELAWARE.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
MARYLAND.		LOUISIANA.	
Baltimore	¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	½ to ¾ dis	OHIO.	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	KENTUCKY.	
MAINE.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	INDIANA.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		State bank	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	ILLINOIS.	
VERMONT.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MISSOURI.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TENNESSEE.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Old banks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MICHIGAN.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	WISCONSIN.	
VIRGINIA.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	½ to ¾ dis	TEXAS.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	CANADA.	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	½ to 1½ dis		

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Nov. 6.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is heavy, sales of 6500 bbls at $3,95@4,25 for State. Wheat quiet but unchanged. Corn advanced; sales of 10,000 bush at 73@74c. Pork dull. Lard steady. Whiskey dull at 22½c.

COTTON—We quote as follows:

	New York Classification. Uplands.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Tex.
Ordinary	10	10	10	10
Middling	11½	11½	11½	12
Md'ling fair	12½	12½	12½	12½

☞ Wit and gaiety answer the same purpose that a fire does in a damp house, dispersing chills and drying up mould, and making all wholesome and cheerful.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
TRY THEM FOR DYSPEPSIA.
TRY THEM FOR LIVER COMPLAINT.
TRY THEM FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY.
TRY THEM FOR CONSTIPATION.
TRY THEM FOR SICK HEADACHE.
TRY THEM FOR WANT OF APPETITE.
TRY THEM FOR WANT OF ENERGY.
TRY THEM FOR WEAKNESS.
TRY THEM FOR PILES.
You can obtain them of any druggist or dealer in medicines in the United States, Canadas, West Indies or South America, at 75 cents per bottle.
They are prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and see that his signature is on the wrapper of each bottle.

HAVE YOU A COUGH, Cold, Pain in the Chest, or Bronchitis? In fact have you the premonitory symptoms of the "insatiate archer" Consumption? Know that relief is at hand in Wister's Balsam of Wild Cherry.
☞ Buy none unless it has the *written* signature of "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper.

PASSING COUNTERFEIT MONEY.—No law in America is more strictly enforced than that against passing counterfeit money, yet some otherwise respectable dealers sell worthless counterfeits of Perry Davis's excellent Pain Killer, thus imposing upon the afflicted. Purchasers should be sure to get bottles having P. Davis & Son's due bill on one side. Sold by druggists.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE.—First class goods constantly on hand. The subscriber paying cash for every article is enabled to sell goods at very low prices. THOS. W. BAILY, 622 Market Street, Philada. sr11-18t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Dr. Cheeseman, JOSEPH PARKER, to Miss MARTHA MCCLEAN, both of this city.

On the 6th ultimo, by the Rev. John A. McKean, Mr. J. FERDINAND MADEIRA, to Miss MARY J. MOORE, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM H. STINE, to Miss MARY F. KLEIN, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. THOMAS M. WALLIS, to Miss MARY A. BLEY, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., Mr. G. ISAIS, to Miss ANNIE RUTH, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. JOHN HOOPES, of Downingtown, Chester county, to Miss CAROLINE JOHNSON, of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. And. Manship, Mr. JOSEPH S. THOMAS, to Mrs. SARAH A. ALLEN, both of this city.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. Street, Mr. WILLIAM A. WATSON, to JANE, daughter of the late John Greenleaf, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th inst., ANNA P., daughter of the late Wm. P. Barr.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. HANNAH, wife of Geo. N. Keel, aged 48 years.

On the 2d instant, DOROTHEA, wife of the late Peter Lare, aged 72 years.

On the 31st ultimo, Mr. ISAAC, son of the late Isaac Evans, aged 37 years.

On the 1st instant, LOUISA C. wife of Dr. Rattenmand, aged 26 years.

On the 30th ultimo, CATHARINE, wife of Wm. Whelan, aged 70 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH, widow of the late Capt. Harvey Teal, aged 69 years.

On the 31st ultimo, Mr. JOHN M. COX, aged 55.

On the 31st ultimo, WILLIAM WARD, aged 40.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH H. KEMBLE, aged 31 years.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. MARINDA, wife of John A. Matlack, aged 22 years.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH, widow of the late Chas Menth, aged 64 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. ANN B. CARR, aged 80 years.

On the 30th ultimo, PRUDENCE MARCH, aged 80 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. JANE STEVENSON, aged 66 years.

THE "OLD DOMINION."
A SCIENTIFIC TEA-POT FROM OLD VIRGINIA.
HOW TEA AND COFFEE SHOULD BE MADE.

Johnston, in his lecture upon "the beverages that we infuse," instances the advantages and disadvantages of the several modes of tea-making. Thus a slight steeping saves the aromatic flavor, but wastes the other elements, while boiling extracts these principles but dissipates the aroma. The inventor of the "OLD DOMINION TEA POT" has combined the advantages of all the processes, so that the frequenters of the tea-table are now furnished a more inspiring beverage at an actual economy of fifty per cent. This must commend it to the favor of all the rural matrons and city misses. The Chinese can no longer surpass us in the preparation of tea.

Constituted upon the same principle is the "OLD DOMINION COFFEE-POT." The inventor, who is a Virginian, has succeeded in fabricating an article which will do all that is claimed for it, both in the economy of coffee-making and in the quality and inspiring potency of the beverage. The luxury can now be enjoyed in all its perfection. This coffee-pot allows the cook to extract all the richness of the berry without loss of the aroma, which is evaporated in the common pots, and diffused through the whole house. Not only Mrs. Sallie Jones, but even Mrs. Grundy and her Bridget are enthusiastic in its praises.

The invention consists of a condensing apparatus placed above the vessel. This is filled with cold water for the purpose of refrigerating the steam which ascends from the boiling liquid beneath. Inside of it are two bent tubes—one to receive the steam, which the lower surface of the condenser fails to cool, and to convey it into the cold water. The other tube operates *as a safety-valve* by drawing off the water in the condenser, in case it should swell with the heat obtained from the steam received from below. *The danger of explosion from the confined steam is thus obviated*, and the aromatic principle, which is usually wasted with us, is saved, while the tea or coffee may be boiled as long as may be deemed necessary for the extraction of all the strength. Housewives will readily perceive the advantage of this improvement, as well as those for whom they labor. The beverage is thus rendered more agreeable and wholesome.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

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HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 26 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
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MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.
Volumes Thirteen and Fourteen.

In announcing the Volumes of the HOME MAGAZINE for 1859, the Publishers cannot but refer to the significant fact, that, while nearly every other literary periodical in the country lost ground during 1858, under the depressing influence of the times, THE HOME MAGAZINE INCREASED IN CIRCULATION BEYOND ANY PREVIOUS YEAR! A fact like this needs no comment—it speaks for itself, and we only remark, on presenting it, that it has encouraged us in the work of preparing a Magazine for the HOMES OF THE PEOPLE, that shall come to both parents and children as a true and welcome friend, more than anything that has occurred since the initial number went forth.

Our Magazine will continue under the same editorial supervision as before, and its pages continue to be largely supplied from the editor's pen. Other writers of ability will aid in the task of producing a periodical which is designed to meet a want that no other work has attempted so broadly to supply. Besides the Literary Department, there will be, as heretofore, in each number—a Mother's Department; a Health Department; a Boys' and Girls' Treasury; the Toilette and Work-Table; Hints for Housekeepers; and an Editorial Department.

Reliable Colored Fashion Plates and fine Steel Engravings, besides an almost endless variety of Needle-work Patterns, will continue to be given. In a word, the Home Magazine shall be all that its name implies; while in style of embellishment and beauty of typography, it will not be exceeded by any magazine of its kind in the country.

The admirers of Miss Townsend will be pleased to learn that she will commence, in the January number, a new story, entitled, "WAIT AND SEE," to be continued through six or seven numbers of the Magazine. Those who have read her "LOOK OUT," need not be reminded of the pleasure that is in store for them.

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Wit and Humor.

AFFECTING.

Up in Podunk, where the thistle
Blooms, dies, and rots;
Where the winter whirlwinds whistle
All round the lots—

Lived the slickest gal you ever
Saw in your life;
Ankle like a blue beech lever,
Voice like a fife.

As I sat by her a courtin',
Calm and serene—
With her apron she was sportin',
Checkered and clean.

Mingled was our hush together;
All day we sat,
A chawin' gum in winter weather,
Happy as fat.

Long I stuck to her like teasles,
Summer and fall;
But she went off with the measles,
Ankle and all.

THE BON-MOTS OF TALLEYRAND.

A wonderful wit was Talleyrand. His bon-mots, which for thirty years were the delight of Frenchmen and the rest of mankind, are marked not merely by the brevity which is always the soul of wit, but by subtlety of thought and delicacy of expression which constitute their highest charm. Besides this, his keenest sarcasms had usually a certain air of good breeding that distinguished them, greatly to his credit, from the malignant jests of Rogers and the rough retorts of Douglas Jerrold. Nothing in the way of a witty and civil rebuke could be finer than his reproof of a young gentleman who was boasting of the extreme beauty of his mother, apparently implying that it might account for the same advantage in the person of the son: "It was your *father*, then, who was not handsome!" Lord Holland, in his Foreign Reminiscences, gives another bon-mot of Talleyrand which is not to be found in the old list of his clever sayings. At the time when the celebrity of Chateaubriand, the vainest of all Frenchmen, was rapidly on the wane, it happened to be mentioned in conversation that he was growing quite deaf, and that he complained bitterly of that infirmity. "I understand, since every body has ceased talking about him he believes himself deaf!" The only ungallant remark that is recorded among his innumerable jests is his saucy comment on the tender regard that he had once entertained for Madame de Stael: "*Il faut avoir aime Mme. de Stael pour connaitre tout le bonheur d'aimer une bete!*" But his finest witticism, and as happy a sarcasm as ever came from any man, is told in Lord Brougham's Times of George III. This has all the politeness as well as the subtle wit that usually characterized the bon-mots of Talleyrand. Not long after his breach of friendship with Madame de Stael, that very intellectual and extremely masculine woman wrote her former friend in the character of an old woman, while she intended all the delicate charms of the heroine to be taken as her own. Chancing to meet Madame de S. soon after the publication of the book, in a fashionable assembly, he *said to her, bowing politely, "I understand, Madame*, that in your last novel you and I figure *disguised as females!*" The retort was certainly a stunner, and for keen wit was such as no other man could have made. But never was a wind-bag so handsomely punctured as when he took the "sublime" out of an egotistical and vainglorious speech of Mirabeau. At some important political crisis the great orator was descanting in society on the qualities which a minister required to extricate the nation from its difficulties, namely, great knowledge, genius, familiarity with the upper classes, popularity with the lower classes, the gift of writing and speaking eloquently, all of which qualities it was obvious enough he reckoned as his own. Every body stared with admiration but Talleyrand, who simply listened attentively to the end, and then observed: "It seems to me you have omitted one of the qualities of this remarkable man; should he not be very much pitted with the small-pox?" This could be none other than Mirabeau, and the effect upon the auditors can only be imagined.—*Boston Post.*

A College Incident.—A young man approached a student standing in a door of University Hall, recently, and inquired for the room where candidates were being examined. The student was about to reply, when one of the Faculty, whose youthful appearance is but an imperfect exponent of his brilliant mental powers, approached, and blandly assured the inquirer that he would conduct him thither. The embryo freshman, who had heard of the indigenous pleasantries of college life, was not to be thrown off his guard by the courteous words and affable address of a stranger. Placing his thumb upon his nasal organ, and giving to his fingers the peculiar gyratory movement so popular among the pupils of the street a few years ago, he responded—

"No, ye don't, young man! I may appear green, but I'm not to be sold to the first bidder in this institution, I can tell you!"

When the young man understood the exact relation in which he stood to the Professor, his market value declined as rapidly as fancy stocks in a panic.—*Providence Post.*

Crinoline vs. Umbrella.—A letter from Beyrout to a lady in Chelsea relates that while the writer and another lady, both missionaries, and recently from New England, were enjoying a walk in the region of their new home, they became conscious their movements were watched by a native, who, wherever they went, followed them, scrutinizing their every motion, but always at a proper distance, and with the most respectful silence. An interpretation was afterwards arrived at, when they learned that the native had reported abroad how he had followed the strange ladies and was surprised that they should "wear their umbrellas under their clothes."—*Telegraph and Pioneer.*

☞ The individual who "stood on his own responsibility," is to be indicted for infanticide.

A SURE SHOT.

The fact of the accidental shooting of a young man in Cincinnati, was recorded a few days ago in the papers of that city. Accidental it was called; but the peculiar circumstances of the case, as now narrated by the Cincinnati Commercial, would hardly justify that term. A group of young men were conversing upon the subject of shooting. Jim remarked that he had been lately undergoing a course of lessons from Travis, and that he considered himself a crack pistol shot. However exalted an opinion Jim might entertain of his prowess, it was not concurred in by his friend Tom, who did not hesitate to tell Jim so, saying he could not hit an elephant at ten paces. This disparagement of the young man's skill so roused his ire that he wanted immediately to wager a small sum that he could hit any object larger than a cent, or ring the bell three times in succession, at the distance of ten paces.

"Done," said Tom, "I will take the bet."

"Very well," replied Jim, "only be sure and name a mark as large in diameter as a cent."

"All right—I'll do so. It is myself."

"What!" ejaculated Jim, with astonishment, "you! You put yourself as a mark for me to shoot at?"

"Yes, sir," coolly replied Tom, "I will; and what is more, I do not think that the target will be in any particular danger."

The second sarcastic reference to Jim's attainment nerved him, and drawing his wallet quickly, he laid down the amount of the proposed bet, which was quickly covered by Tom. The preliminaries settled, both parties, together with a few favored friends, repaired to the back yard, where the grand trial of skill was to take place. Like a hero in a sacred cause did Tom stand at the distance agreed upon. Not a muscle moved, nor was any emotion distinguishable in his features. Confident in his measurement of Jim's capacities, he stood—

"Heedless of all around,"

and patiently waited Jim's readiness. The word was given, one—the pistol is raised; two—he takes deliberate aim; three—fires.

"My God!" shrieked Tom, in the wildest despair, "I'm shot!"

"Didn't I tell you so?" laconically spoke Jim, without thinking to ask the extent of his friend's injuries, "didn't I tell you so? I knew it—I am a sure shot."

The spectators flew to Tom's aid, who was fortunately found not to be much hurt, the ball having taken effect in the fleshy part of his leg. Good humoredly they all returned to the bar-room and indulged in a smile. Since the occurrence, not one of Jim's friends has dared to dispute his claims as a crack shot, fearing that the consequences may be to them a dead shot.

Practical Joking.—In a certain flourishing village down Eastward where flourishes a literary institution, a gentleman took one of a family of infant puppies, and, gaining entrance into a neighbor's house before the folks were wide awake enough to know what he was about, deposited the puppy in the midst of a litter of kittens of like tender age. Puss made no distinction between the stranger and her own offspring, and he on his part took kindly and confidingly to his new nurse. Great was the astonishment of the household when it was *discovered (as they supposed)* that *their cat* was the dam of a puppy. The news of so portentous a birth spread over town like wildfire. People came in flocks to see the sight. The fortunate possessor was offered five dollars for the little monster, but declared that he would not part with it for five hundred. That the case might not fail of due authentication two physicians of the first respectability were summoned to inspect and report upon it. They jointly and severally scrutinized the animal, and found that it was certainly a puppy, having all the characteristics of the dog race, *except the paws.* Those were pronounced to resemble cat's claws. The perpetrator of the joke couldn't hold in any longer. The cat was out of the bag in a twinkling, and if the doctors outlive the memory of their essay in comparative zoology, they will be more lucky than most victims of a "sell."—*New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury.*

Striking Where He Looked.—A butcher, who was afflicted with that obliquity of vision known as strabismus, was about slaughtering a bullock, and he employed a little negro to stand by the bull's neck, grasp his horns, and hold his head steady, so that he (the butcher) would have a certainty of knocking him down. As the butcher poised his ax in the air, he seemed to be looking directly at the negro, instead of at the bullock. "Look here, look here, bossy," exclaimed the darkey, with a great deal of nervous trepidation, "is you gwine to strike whar you is lookin'?" "Of course I am, you black scoundrel," was the reply. "Den you git somebody else to hold de bullock," ejaculated the negro; "you isn't gwine to knock dis chile's brains out."

Where Did That Man Go To?—In a certain hotel in a village in Alabama, there is employed a bar-tender, who is in the habit of taking his "tod" pretty freely, but always makes it a point never to drink in the presence of his employer. A few days ago, while he was in the act of drawing his "tod" preparatory to taking a drink, his employer came into the bar-room rather unexpectedly. Finding himself caught in the act, as he set the tumbler and its contents on the counter, he cast his eyes around with a look of surprise, and exclaimed: "Where in creation did that man that ordered that drink go to?"

A Chinese Delicacy—Baked Ices!—In China they *bake ices!* An ice is enveloped in a crust of delicate pastry, and introduced into the oven. The paste is quickly baked, and the ice is still unmelted, having been protected from the heat by its envelope; and thus the epicure has the delight of biting through a burning crust, and then immediately cooling his palate with the grateful contents.—*Blackwood.*

☞ There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage, as vanity; nor any which by ill management makes so contemptible a figure.

THE COMET.

Master Tom.—"I say, gran'ma, this is a bad job about the comet!"

Gran'ma.—"Good gracious! What's the matter?"

Master Tom.—"Why, here's a letter in the paper says that it will certainly come back again in just 2,001 years, 3 days, 10 hours, 8 minutes, and 20 seconds—and that, making as accurate a calculation as can be made, it will certainly run against and demolish this globe at that period, unless Providence in its mercy should see fit to interfere, which is not at all likely."

Gran'ma.—"It's terrible to think of, Tommy—and I hope I shall never live to see that time."

Agricultural.

MANURE.

Manure is the foundation of agricultural prosperity—and agriculture of national prosperity.

Every plant obtains a portion of its support from the soil, and therefore exhausts the soil of certain constituents on which it grows—and hence every crop diminishes the fertility of the soil when the plant is removed from the field. A succession of crops, raised and removed from a field, must soon deprive the soil of certain parts which are essential to their growth, and they must languish, unless an equivalent in manure is given.

If the farmer wishes to increase the efficiency of his manure, let him haul marl, clay, and leached ashes on to his sandy land, and underdrain his wet land. But, after all, these are but helps; the barnyard must be his reliance. Here is the farmer's treasure. Leaves, straw, hay, muck—any thing animal, vegetable, must be used to accumulate manure, care to preserve, and a liberal hand to spread it.

The manure from twenty-five head of cattle, if properly taken care of, will increase the yield of corn, on eight acres of land, from twenty-five to fifty bushels per acre.

The cultivation of the corn crop fits the manure for a crop of wheat, so that the same manure adds two hundred bushels of corn the first year, and adds as much, in proportion, to the wheat crop the second year. After the wheat crop, the ground is then in fine condition for a crop of clover. Each head of cattle, with proper care in raising it, will produce four cords of manure during the season of foddering, and every cord of manure is worth two dollars.

Without manure, no part of the world can continue fertile under the exhausting process of cultivation. If the father, without returning an equivalent to the soil, obtains large crops, he will entail a barren soil on his children.

Farmers, then, should save all their manure, and the liquid is more valuable than the solid. There is nitrogen enough in a pint of urine to make a pound of wheat. To allow it to go to waste is as wasteful as to throw away wheat by the pound. Stables and barnyards should be so constructed that the liquid manure may run into a bowl-shaped reservoir, and that kept supplied with straw, bones, muck, or other absorbents that will detain it, and its gasses.

The manure from the stable should be thrown into heaps, and sheltered from the rain and snow, to prevent it from heating, and by opening the heap, or otherwise, it should be kept from burning.

All the weeds should be pulled up before they go to seed, and put into the barnyard for the cattle to manufacture into manure, for every farmer should know that it exhausts the soil as much to mature a crop of weeds as it does a crop of grain.

In the spring every place containing manure should be cleared for the benefit of the field, and for the beauty of the farm.

But judgment is required even in the use of a good thing—and to apply the same quantity and quality of manure to all crops, is as injudicious as to give the same quantity and quality of food to all animals.

Broad-leaved, succulent plants, as corn, beets, turnips, cabbage, and the like, are grass-feeders, and admit of abundant manure. But small grain, as wheat, rye, and barley, may be so heavily manured as to run to straw, at the expense of the grain.

The first crop after manuring, then, should be a grass feeder, as corn or oats, and these fit the soil and manure for a crop of wheat the next season.

Manure should be applied to the field as soon after "breaking up" as possible, that it may become thoroughly mixed with the soil. If it lies long on top of the ground, it bakes into chunks, unmixed with the soil—yields no nourishment to the plants, and, by absorbing the moisture, increases the drought and injures the crop.—*Ohio Farmer.*

POTATOES.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Mr. Editor:—I will send our method of raising potatoes. Last spring my father got a peck of potatoes, commonly called the River potatoes. In the first place he cut out every eye separately; then rolled them in plaster, and planted them about 18 inches apart. This fall when we took them out we got 18 bushels from that one peck. This is a fact. Some people may not believe it;—just let them try it. The largest of the potatoes we planted was not larger than a whole walnut, and we got potatoes about 4 inches long and 2 thick. Let any person take the smallest potatoes that are, and cut out every eye separate, and plant them thin, and see if they don't get the largest kind of potatoes. If any person wants early potatoes let him cut off the front eyes, and he will get potatoes two weeks earlier than if he would plant of the eyes farther back. Yours, John R. Wilt.

Spring Mills, Centre Co., Pa.

Shipping Apples to Europe.—The most successful exporter of apples from this country, R. L. Pell, of Ulster county, New York, owes a considerable portion of his success to careful picking and careful handling. The fruit is picked, one apple at a time, from a tree; when transferred from the hand basket to the larger one only two are taken at a time by hand. These baskets are then drawn, not even on a spring wagon, but on a sled, to the building for storing, so as to secure them from jolting. When packed in barrels, they are again taken two at a time by hand. They are drawn on a sled to the North River, and lifted by two men on board the steamboat, to be taken to New York and shipped. When lowered on shipboard they are caught, one at a time, on men's shoulders, and carried carefully to the coolest part of the ship. At London they are carried by two men on a hand-barrow with the same care that we carry a costly looking-glass. With these precautions, they arrive in London in better order than market apples usually reach our own cities, and having been carefully selected, sell for $10 per barrel, and sometimes as high as $20.

Few of our farmers, it is true, send their apples across the Atlantic; but would it not repay them well to exercise the same care in handling them for home markets or domestic use.

Treatment of Ringbone.—We have never known a case of confirmed or decided ringbone cured by any process. A scar should never be made in treating it. Cutting and burning should never be allowed—they are both cruel and useless.

The best medicine for man or beast, to *preserve* health, is *exercise;* the best to *restore* it, is rest. This latter is the king of medicines, and we could enumerate some of its surprising cures. For incipient ringbone, this is emphatically the remedy. Dr. Dadd recommends in addition, an application of acetate of cantharides, as being milder and better than common blistering. When the part becomes hot, apply cold-water bandages.—*Country Gentleman.*

Potatoes.—If these are buried in heaps outdoors, and plenty of straw can be used, the safest mode of keeping, most economical, and most secure from rotting, is to put fifty or sixty bushels in each heap, cover with straw a *foot thick when it is packed*, and with only three or four inches of earth. The straw absorbs moisture, &c., from the potatoes, and this mode is greatly superior to the common practice of using less straw and more earth—so says thorough trial.—*Country Gentleman.*

UNTOLD LOVE.

His love is hidden, like the springs,
Which lie in earth's deep heart below,
And murmur there a thousand things
Which nought above may hear or know.
'Tis hid, not buried! without sound,
Or light, or limit, night and day,
It, like the dark springs underground,
Runs, ebbs not, and can ne'er decay.

☞ With every child we love we see deeper into life, as with every added lens we pierce farther into the sky.

Sanctified Scoundrels.—George of Cappadocia, born at Epiphania in Cicilia, was a low parasite who got a lucrative contract to supply the army with bacon. A rogue and informer, he got rich, and had to run from justice. He saved his money, embraced Arianism, collected a library, and got promoted by faction to the Episcopal thone of Alexandria. When Julian came, A. D. 361, George was thrown into prison; the prison was burst open by the mob, and George was lynched as he deserved. And this precious knave became in good time St. George of England, patron of chivalry, and the pride of the best blood of the modern world. Strange that the solid, truth speaking Briton should derive from an impostor. Strange that the New World should have no better luck—that broad America must wear the name of a thief. Amerigo Vespuci, the pickle dealer at Seville, who went out in 1399, a subaltern with Hojeda, and whose highest naval rank was boatswain's mate in an expedition that never sailed, managed in this lying world to supplant Columbus, and baptize half the world with his own dishonest name. Thus nobody can throw stones. We are equally badly off in our founders, and the false pickle dealer is an offset to the false bacon seller.—*Emerson's English Traits.*

Useful Receipts.

Pimples on the Face.—Sponge the parts with very hot water for a quarter of an hour every morning; then take a rough but soft towel and press deeply while rubbing the surface, so as to squeeze out the hardened contents of the follicles, which cause the pimples. By perseverance in this plan, although those pimples already existing will be made worse from the irritation of the rubbing, yet fresh ones will cease to appear, and in time the eruption will be nearly or quite cured. It always ceases after 30 or 35 years of age.—*London Field.*

A New Remedy for Consumption.—Dr. Desmartes, of Bordeaux, has published in the Abeille Medicale the result of four years' experience, in reference to the curative effects of the sap of the pine tree in consumption. One instance quoted is of a young lady, whose father, mother, sister, and other relations, had all died of the disorder. She was afflicted with violent retching and spitting of blood, and all the symptoms of an advanced pulmonary consumption were ascertained by auscultation. The spitting of blood was stopped by administering one drachm of powdered rue per day. (Dr. Desmartes considers rue, *ruta graveolens*, to be one of the best hæmostatics known.) After which the patient took a bottle of pine sap per day for the space of two months and a half; at the end of which time every alarming symptom had disappeared. The patient suffered no relapse. He quotes many other instances.

Pine sap usually purges in the beginning, but this effect, which is purely eliminating, soon ceases.

Red Ants.—A Long Island correspondent writes, "That his wife destroys these troublesome pests by occasionally pouring boiling water over their haunts. It takes them a long time to recover from a thorough scalding, and a few applications have cleared the premises." The best remedy we have found, is to sprinkle sugar over a dry sponge, which the ants gather into, when they may be killed in hot water, and the sponge "set" again.—*American Agriculturist.*

Seasoning Sausage Meat.—For 50 pounds of meat, take 11 ounces of salt, 5 tablespoonfuls of pounded saltpetre, 5 tablespoonfuls of ground black pepper, 4 tablespoonfuls of ground allspice, 5 tablespoonfuls of sage. Mix them well together, and then incorporate well with the meat.—*Ibid.*

To Preserve Quinces Tender.—Every housekeeper knows the difficulty of preserving quinces so that they will become *hard.* The following directions, from home experience, obviate the difficulty effectually, and produce a tender quince sweetmeat:—Pare the fruit, and cut into quarters, eighths, or rings as you may fancy. Then boil in water until soft, and take out the pieces, placing them on plates to cool. Boil the pairings and seeds in water, and to the jelly-like liquid obtained, add one pound of sugar for each pound of fruit. Boil and skim to clarify, add the cooked fruit, and boil gently for half an hour. Take out the fruit, and boil down the liquid until it assumes a jelly-like appearance on cooking a little of it, and then return the fruit, and put away for future use. The extra good quality will repay any extra trouble.—*Amer. Agriculturalist.*

Apples with Quinces.—A very nice sauce is made by taking at the rate of a peck of quinces to a bushel of sweet apples, and preparing as above, except using only half as much sugar, and boiling down the second syrup without removing the fruit.—*Ibid.*

To Fasten On the Handles of Knives and Forks.—The handles of knives and forks that have come off by being put in hot water may be fastened in the following manner:—Procure some powdered resin, and mix with it a *small* quantity of chalk, whiting, or quick lime, let the handles be about half-filled with this mixture, heat the ends of the knives or forks, and force them in, when cold they will be found to be securely fastened. N. B.—Knives and forks that are not fastened to the handles by rivets, should never be put into hot water.

Or,—Take a small portion of a quill pen, and put into the *handle* of the knife, warm the blade, and when it is hot put it into the *quill in* the *handle*, and press it in very firmly; this is a very simple method, but it has been found to answer the purpose required several times.

Or,—Brick-dust stirred into melted resin makes a composition that will fix knives and forks in their handles. The tang should be thrust in warm.

Or,—Mix a little chopped hair or tow—with powdered resin and fill with it, the hole in the handle of the knife, then heat the spike of the blade, (i. e. the part which fits into the handle) and ram it down into its place, the heated steel will melt the resin, which will then keep the blade of the knife or fork in its place. N. B.—The chopped hair (or tow) must *not* be *omitted.*—*London Field.*

The Riddler.

GEOPONICAL ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 58 letters.
My 1, 14, 21, 31, 46, 52, 13, 45, is the name of a tree that grows in tropical countries.
My 3, 22, 52, 53, 19, 8, is a fruit of many different varieties.
My 5, 35, 30, 53, 34, is a valuable fertiliser.
My 6, 18, 48, 55, is the natural protection of the essential parts of various grains and fruits.
My 9, 31, 23, 43, 20, 27, 45, 43, 4, 25, is a division of flowering plants.
My 10, 51, 34, 35, 20, 12, is an implement extensively used in cultivating the soil.
My 11, 15, 41, 40, 13, 2, is an insect that is very destructive to several kinds of grain.
My 13, 44, 3, 31, is used in the construction of nearly all agricultural implements.
My 17, 35, 42, 49, 22, 31, is a leguminous plant cultivated for fodder.
My 21, 58, 29, 51, 56, is a useful and nutritious fruit.
My 22, 30, 7, 13, 16, 38, is a plant with an esculent root.
My 24, 29, 52, 23, 57, is an agricultural implement.
My 26, 13, 36, 39, 42, is a flowering plant.
My 32, 22, 39, 13, 53, is a construction for rendering moist lands productive.
My 33, 43, 55, 28, is a useful agricultural implement.
My 54, 44, 47, 4, 20, 46, 8, is one of the principal causes of the high price of food.
My whole is an agricultural maxim.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 33 letters.
My 13, 28, 18, 8, 20, was a President of the United States.
My 24, 16, 26, 27, 21, 6, 10, is a county in Georgia.
My 23, 8, 5, 9, 15, 20, 23, is what we all are.
My 2, 11, 29, 15, is dear to us all.
My 12, 5, 19, means to grow weary.
My 22, 17, 4, 15, is a measure.
My 26, 30, 1, 32, 8, 20, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 7, 3, 27, 14, 8, is a town in New York.
My 25, 33, 20, 31, 23, 14, is a bird.
My whole is an event which took place in the year 1620. JOS. B. GIRAULT.

Annapolis.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

We sometimes feel my first when near a gun,
Or if we think our friends are making fun
Of our first efforts at a speech, or song,
Or if we feel our feet or arms too long.
If of my second you the sound would know,
Go listen to the croakings of a crow.
My third, ah! 'tis a word much used "out West,"
But with "a head" to it we like it best.
My whole is what we call "a right smart town,"
Now if you know my name, please mark it down.

Lacon, Ill.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My first is an article of dress;
My second is a color;
My whole begets many woes.

RIDDLE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 7 letters.
Erase my 1, 2, 3, 4, and transpose, and I am a male nickname.
Erase my 2, 3, 4, and I am a part of man.
Erase my 1, 2, 3, and I am a term given to a company of musicians.
Erase my 1, 4, 5, 7, and transpose, and I am a planet.
Erase my 1, 2, 3, 6, and I am not good.
Erase my 3, 5, 6, 7, and I am part of a wheel.
My whole is what most young ladies wish to obtain. DAY BOOK.

Delhi, Illinois.

ANAGRAMS

On Counties of Pennsylvania.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Certen.	Forward, C.
Top ter.	Nay we.
Bad ford, R.	Oven nag.
Filmin F.	Rank fil N.
Non bale.	Sew more land T.
Hunt nig nod.	B. Rail.

Centreville, Pa. J. E. WILT.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The capacity of a cask whose form is that of the middle frustrum of a spheroid, included between two planes which are perpendicular to the axis, and equally distant from the centre, is equal to half the solidity of a sphere whose diameter is equal to the length of a pendulum that will vibrate just as many times in a minute as it is inches in length; the end diameters are each equal to twice the length of the perpendicular of an equilateral triangle, that contains just as many square inches in its area as there are inches in its perimeter, and the middle diameter is equal to three times the circumference of an iron ball that weighs just as many pounds as its diameter is inches in length. Required the depth of the cask?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between an old bachelor and a pretty girl? Ans.—A pretty girl steals the hearts of others; a horrid old bachelor steels his own.

☞ Why are ladies the biggest thieves in existence? Ans.—Because they steel the petticoats, bone the stays, and crib the babies.

☞ What is the difference between the man that keeps watch on board a ship and a phrenologist? Ans.—One looks out ahead and the other looks in a head.

☞ Why is love like a duck's leg? Ans.—Because it is often hid in the breast.

☞ What relation is that child to its father who is not its father's own son? Ans.—His daughter.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The Discovery of America by Columbus. CHARADE—Pumpkin. CHARADE—Carboy. RIDDLE—Homer. (Home, her, hoe, Rome). ANAGRAMS—A. Martin, Cinron, Gahnow, Leyden, Harp, Alpha. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—$18589.00.